

The Nation

VOL. XXX., No. 23.]

SATURDAY, MARCH 4, 1922.

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Events of the Week.

MR. LLOYD GEORGE has at last acknowledged the state of open war in the ranks of the ex-Coalition, and its acute challenge to his position as its nominal (no longer its real) head. He has answered it with a counter-attack, which if it succeeds will add to Mr. George's feats in destruction the smashing of the Conservative Party. The "Telegraph" states that Mr. George's communication to Mr. Chamberlain was in writing, and that it demanded that the attempts to break up the Coalition and reform the Conservative Party should cease, or he could not go on co-operating with it. This is at once a threat of resignation, and a demand for Sir George Younger's dismissal as the only way of averting it. The Prime Minister, says the "Morning Post," is like the female who leaves an unwanted baby in the arms of a respectable gentleman and then disappears round the corner. We suppose this is more or less what Mr. George's much provoked action comes to. He is said to have hinted to Mr. Chamberlain that he will give an independent support to any resulting Conservative Government so long as it pursues the Coalitionist path. We can imagine what that support will come to in a few months' time, especially if, as the "Manchester Guardian" says, Mr. George's real aim is to rejoin the Liberal Party as its leader (a plan which the "Guardian" strangely supports), or, as others think, to form a party of the "Centre," made up, to begin with, of his "National Liberals" and a few Tory moderates. The latter is, we believe, the immediate object of his activities. We doubt, therefore, whether the suggestion of a Tory purge, to be effected by Mr. Chamberlain in the Prime Minister's interest, will be thankfully accepted. The alternative is a patch to carry over the election; and on this a section of the Moderates are industriously at work.

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THE Government's policy on the Geddes Report was announced on Wednesday by the Chancellor in a speech which we take to exaggerate its scope. The Government accept £64 millions of the Geddes cuts out of £86 millions, and profess to have secured a total saving on the

Estimates of £181 millions, but as this takes no account of Supplementary Estimates the real saving may well fall short of £100 millions. In effect, the Army reductions are adopted, the Navy cuts in part, while the Education estimates are to lose some six and a-half millions in place of eighteen millions. Here the characteristic plan is to let the most unpopular reductions go, and keep those which do most harm to national culture. The Labor Ministry is retained, the Transport Ministry (done for almost as soon as begun) merged in the Board of Trade, and the health services greatly reduced. A more cutting criticism on the Government's earlier post-war finance could not be imagined. Mr. Emil Davies, in the "Daily News," rightly says that the net result of the Report and of the Government's policy on it, is to ease the burden of the rich and increase the burden of the poor. What other thing could come out of such a Committee?

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MR. FISHER's speech at Birmingham yesterday week read more like an apology for the Geddes Report than a defence of his own strategy by the man most deeply concerned to defend it. Taken with the Chancellor of the Exchequer's statement, it shows that the Government have been frightened and are giving way. The children are not to be exiled from school until they are six. The maintenance of the present scale of teachers' salaries is an "obligation of honor." The people owe neither Mr. Fisher nor the Government the smallest thanks. The first concession merely records their discovery that the raising of the school admission age is sending every working woman into the polling-booth against them. The second is simply the realization that in this conflict the nation, ashamed of its record, is now squarely on the side of the teachers. Otherwise there is no relief. The sizes of classes are to be increased; the continuation schools, at the very moment when the L.C.C. has borne striking testimony to their value, are to be scrapped; the gate of secondary education is to be narrowed. Certainly hundreds of teachers must lose their jobs. In other words, Mr. Fisher has sold the pass. His plea, made characteristically to an audience of business men, was that we have not the money for educational advance. We are unaware of any plea of economy urged by Mr. Fisher when Mr. Churchill was financing Wrangel's armies and Sir Hamar Greenwood was turning Ireland into an expensive shambles. Dr. Addison, at least, had the pluck to resign when his housing policy was thrown overboard. Lord Milner refused to swallow his Egyptian defeat. But the art of resignation does not extend to the minor stars of the Prime Minister's galaxy.

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THE Prime Minister's statement about Egypt on Tuesday followed the policy which Lord Allenby brought with him on his visit to Downing Street. It does not make a settlement, but it lays down a new and hopeful procedure by which a settlement may be reached.

Though we have adopted it on the advice of the Moderates, Sarwat and Adly Pashas, it is almost exactly what Zaghloul Pasha demanded in his eventful autumn campaign. The Independence of Egypt is recognized, and the Protectorate is abandoned of our own motion. A Constitution is next to be granted by the Sultan, and it will be a Ministry responsible to a newly elected Chamber which will negotiate the definitive treaty with the British Empire. Our conditions (in addition to the passing of an act of indemnity for the seven years of martial law) are that we absolutely reserve: (a) the security of communications (*i.e.*, the Canal); (b) defence against foreign aggression; (c) the protection of foreign interests and minorities, and (d) the Soudan—which last Mr. George rested somewhat crudely on the claims of the British capital invested there.

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THE real question is whether the third point involves the maintenance of a British garrison in Egypt proper, and of British advisers to the Ministers of Finance and Justice. Mr. George dwelt somewhat ominously on the mob passions of the Egyptians, but we doubt whether the suggested plan of a "progressive" withdrawal of the garrison would serve so well to allay passion as a frank and complete evacuation when the Treaty is ratified. To the employment of Englishmen as officials under an Egyptian Government there would be no objection, but "advisers" appointed by us are not consistent with independence. We gather that martial law will be suspended as an Egyptian Premier has consented to assume office, that the elections will be free, and that Zaghloul Pasha will be recalled from exile. Sarwat Pasha has now formed a Government, but we are unaware whether he has the confidence of both the Nationalist Parties. It is a gain to drop the vague word "protectorate," because it might supply a premise for every conceivable kind of unspecified intervention. It may be argued that the sort of intervention which is specified and reserved does, in fact, amount to "protection." That is true, but it also leaves a wide field entirely free to the Egyptians within which they will enjoy full national autonomy.

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NOTHING is changed, nothing is either lost or gained, so far as we can see, by the four hours' talk between M. Poincaré and Mr. Lloyd George at Boulogne. The agreement reached at Cannes was confirmed in all its details, and nothing new, with one possible exception, appears in the rather pedantic summary of the decisions reached. The rigid restrictions on the scope of the Conference are so severe that they seem to forbid any real progress in matters relating to Central Europe, but the fatal surrender which rules out the indemnity and the Treaties of Peace from the scope of the Conference had already been made at Cannes. By far the gravest news from Boulogne was the statement of Mr. George to the Press that the "defensive" pact with France is now as good as completed. We gather that France has not obtained either precise military undertakings or the extension of the guarantee to the Polish frontier, but it remains to be seen whether the pact has become mutual, as M. Poincaré demanded. It is a scandal unique in our constitutional history that this commitment, for ten years at least, should be concluded against the clear will of the whole Opposition (for Mr. Asquith has spoken as definitely as Mr. Clynes) by a moribund Government, involved, amid incessant defeats, in proceedings for the Coalition's divorce.

THE one new point which emerges from the Boulogne communication is that there are to be no "encroachments" on the rights of the League of Nations. This may mean one or both of two things. It may mean that the League is to carry out the decisions taken at Genoa. That surely would be most improper, since neither Germany nor Russia is represented on it. It may also mean that the plan attributed to Mr. George of linking up disarmament on land with some general pact against aggression, is ruled out. The privilege of delaying disarmament year after year rests with the League. The plan is said to have been that each State, as it completed the disarmament recommended at Genoa, would come within the benefits of the mutual pact of defence—at a first glance a decidedly promising idea. But France, under M. Poincaré, is not thinking of disarming. The new Bill before the Chambers provides for eighteen months' service for conscripts, not to mention the colored and volunteer forces. The Radicals ask for twelve months', but the official answer is that Germany has her metallurgical and chemical industries even though she be disarmed, and her great population as well. These are arguments which will be as valid ten years hence as to-day.

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MR. GEORGE has successfully defended his own contention that Russia shall come into the Conference uncommitted, except in so far as the acceptance of an invitation under the Cannes declarations commits her. She comes in with full knowledge of what is required of her. But neither is it clear that immediate recognition will follow her acceptance even of all the conditions as to debts and security for property. Dr. Benes's dangerous suggestion of six months' "probation" gains ground. M. Tchitcherin has issued a statement to the effect that in no case will Russia consider this humiliating proposal, and if it should be insisted on in advance, she would not attend the Conference. That is, we think, a natural and proper attitude. Moreover, until Russia is recognized, she cannot borrow, and until she can borrow, her restoration can hardly begin. Six months' delay might make it impossible for her to obtain the machinery and live stock which will be needed to save the Volga Valley from perpetual famine.

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THE two Premiers agreed at Boulogne to ask Italy to postpone the Conference for a month—until April 10th. This was the inevitable consequence of the long Cabinet crisis in Rome. It is now over, and a Ministry has been formed under Signor Facta. His personality is not known outside Italy, but he has held many important portfolios in successive Ministries under Signor Giolitti. On the whole his Cabinet may be described as Giolittian, with a Populist infusion and a weak dilution from minor groups, and it seems to stand slightly further to the Right than its immediate predecessor. The Foreign Minister is Signor Schanzer, who has often spoken well on the wider European issues. Meanwhile, the somewhat enigmatic International Trading Corporation has been definitely constituted with headquarters in London, based upon national corporations in England, France, Germany, and Belgium. America, Japan, Denmark, Holland, Switzerland, and Czecho-Slovakia have been invited to come in. Beyond the general statement that the Corporation is to "examine opportunities for work in connection with European reconstruction," nothing is to be learned about the real character of what may well become a sort of universal European financial Trust.

Apparently there is no provision for any species of Governmental control, national or international, nor any representation on it either of Labor or the consumer.

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A FURTHER cut in miners' wages takes place this month. As a result their level is now reduced to a little more than half of what it was before the coal stoppage of last year. Meanwhile, the owners have refused to work Part II. of the Mines Act, and the Government, bowing, as usual, to their will, has decided to allow it to remain a dead letter. The Prime Minister has curtly dismissed Mr. Hodges's plea for its retention; and the Labor Party's similar resolution in the House is certain to be beaten. So away goes the last vestige of war-time improvement in the mining industry. The change is the more striking when the sweeping censure of its methods by the Sankey Commission is borne in mind. The owners are entrenched in obstinacy; and in an industry where the men's goodwill is essential to efficient working, the Government has made not a single effort at conciliation. The evidence accumulates that the owners have wantonly abused their power since the last stoppage. They have had the men on the run, and they have taken an ample revenge for the humiliating rebuff which the Commission inflicted upon them. But their victory is incomplete. Instead of defeating the miner, they have merely given him final proof of their utter inability to realize either his needs or his hopes. There is peace in the mining industry now; but nothing is more certain than the onset of a further struggle as soon as prosperity returns to it.

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AFTER the stubborn declarations of Sir Allan Smith and the Engineering Employers' Federation last week it was hardly to be expected that they would be moved from their position on the overtime lock-out by any appeal of the officials of the Amalgamated Engineering Union. When the Executive of the A.E.U. went into conference with the employers on Tuesday, in fact, they were in the plight of asking the employers not to enforce a policy they themselves had recommended their members to accept. It is true that this advice was given, not because the officials liked the terms, but because they believed that the union was too crippled to fight for anything better. But men like Sir Allan Smith do not take too much account of qualifications of this kind. The advice was given, and he holds the union leaders to it. Although the dispute arose in the first place between the employers and the A.E.U., the lock-out notices affect all the other workers in the shops, and it is characteristic of British trade union methods that, up to the time of writing, there has been no joint consultation or action between the various unions concerned. It was apparently left to the employers to meet the General Workers' Federation to explain why its members are threatened with a stoppage of work.

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WHILE there are no signs that the engineers will fight the overtime question, the attempt of the shipbuilding employers to cut wages by 16s. 6d. a week, with a further reduction of 10s. to come, does threaten a stoppage in the shipyards. The bitterness of the men is reflected in a ballot vote of over a hundred thousand for rejection, with a minority vote of only ten thousand. Yet the shipyard workers are in no better case for a fight than the engineers are. They have a large proportion of men unemployed, and their union funds have been shrinking fast through the payment of benefits. The only thing left for their leaders is to press for reference of the dispute to the Industrial Court. But engineering and shipbuilding employers gave the impression last

year that when the workers were weak and broken they had no use for arbitration or inquiries by industrial courts. Under these circumstances some of the leaders feel that the only thing to do is to accept what they think to be oppressive demands and to organize for a return blow when the tide of trade turns. A pretty prospect for industrial peace and progress!

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MR. CHURCHILL explained the way in which the British and Irish Governments are to treat claims for injury during the disturbances in the course of a statement in the House of Commons yesterday week. The disturbances are to be regarded as "a rebellion retrospectively viewed as a civil war, terminated by a treaty and amnesty." Each side will make itself responsible for the injuries inflicted by its own forces. This applies to injuries in England as well as Ireland. The British Government will accept all awards given in Ireland in respect of personal injuries, but in the case of injuries to property awards that have been given in undefended cases will be reviewed by a Committee consisting of a member appointed by the British Government, a member appointed by the Irish Government, and a chairman agreed upon by both. Then the local authorities will be relieved of the impossible charges imposed on them by the Malicious Injuries Act, and the British taxpayer will pay for the damage done in British reprisals, official and unofficial.

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It is early yet to decide how the three months' truce is going to work in Ireland. Mr. de Valera does not seem to be acting in its spirit, to judge by the character of his opposition in the Dáil, which resumed its sittings on Tuesday. Fortunately, Mr. Griffith's majorities on the first day varied from 6 to 14, which looks as if some of Mr. de Valera's supporters had not got their hearts in the policy of obstruction. Mr. de Valera had a great meeting at Limerick on Sunday, but his chairman seems to have made a speech in favor of reconciliation. It is reassuring to see that steps have been taken to deal with the insubordination of the officers in one unit of the I.R.A. There is to be a pro-Treaty demonstration in Dublin to-morrow.

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THE prospect that this country will play a more adequate part in fighting the Russian famine is greatly improved by the decision of the three funds (Russian Famine Relief, Save the Children, and Friends) to join forces in a single National Appeal under the direction of Sir Benjamin Robertson, the distinguished Anglo-Indian, who has just returned from the Volga. The aim will be to bear the responsibility for feeding the entire population of the Buzuluk and Saratoff districts, including, of course, the adults, for whom very little has yet been done. We gather, from statements by Lord Curzon and Sir Philip Lloyd Graeme, that while there is no present hope of the £3,000,000 loan for Russia for which Dr. Nansen asked, a very little pressure would suffice to extract a grant to the British Funds. A matter of £500,000 might be just enough for this limited area, if private generosity continues to do its part. That may suffice for the narrow purpose of keeping the people alive till the harvest, but nothing meanwhile is done for reconstruction; the horses and cattle are dying out; only a small proportion of the fields may be tilled in spring, and a second year of famine may be the price of the delays of Western statesmanship in its dealings with Russia. Genoa offers hope, but for the restoration of the Volga Valley it comes eight months too late. The time for it was last September, when the League listened to Nansen with deaf ears.

Politics and Affairs.

THOUGHTS ON THE COMING GOVERNMENT.

THE Bodmin election will probably have convinced the Lord Chancellor that he erred in reducing the Liberal Party to a contemptible little army, manœuvring in the background of the political war. A candidate who can beat a popular Coalitionist candidate out of the field, and add over 5,000 votes to his own considerable poll in 1918, clearly stands for a good few of his countrymen, and, when the reviving enthusiasm of Liberalism all over the country is considered, is entitled to regard himself as a representative man. And the confusion in the Coalitionist camp shows that the Bodmin election has struck a hard blow at its spirit and discipline. War and the Coalition have made havoc of the old party politics; and there is no man of genius at hand to sow the stricken field with fresh growths of imaginative hope and moral vigor. But a genius is not wanted for the humbler task of destroying the Coalition. That is a work of what we call "mass suggestion." Any disinterested crowd will take up a pioneer cry of "Stop thief!" and the British crowd is by no means disinterested. It is concerned about its trade and its taxes; its position and its future in the world; and all sorts and conditions of people have only to think of the Coalition, and connect with it such places as Ireland, Russia, and Mesopotamia, and such symbols of government as taxes, rates, prices, and unemployment, in order to engender the coming national movement to be rid of it.

But the Coalition has also destroyed itself. A party which, on the eve of an election, feels impelled to drop its common name and invent new group titles, to set up a double platform for the contest, to disavow a common leadership, and restrict even its brilliant chief to the smaller plot of ground, stands self-condemned as an instrument for carrying on the King's government. Conservatives and "National Liberals" are not electoral allies; they are competitors and enemies. They want each other's seats; they oppose each other's policies. Beyond all this, there is now strong evidence that intrigue has eaten into the heart of the Lloyd George Government. The Prime Minister may not have begun it. He has made a great noise in the world. His name is still on all men's lips, and in the Genoa Conference he has in hand a vast plan of European reconstruction. But he can no longer claim a great British authority. From the Tory Press, and at the hands of the chief Tory organizer, he is the object of a shower of missiles, injurious and insulting. It is clear that he has now retorted. In a letter or message to Mr. Chamberlain, he appears to have called for the silencing of these Tory voices, and the dismissal of their main organ, the able and popular Sir George Younger. Mr. Chamberlain may be a simple man; but if he has been so simple as to undertake this task, his career as a Conservative is over, and there is nothing left for him but to join the new Lloyd George "Centre" Party, whose formation, we imagine, the Prime Minister has in mind as the true object of this manœuvre. That, of course, implies a dramatic break, and the reduction of the election on the Coalitionist side to a faction fight, from which the country will recoil in disgust. That Conservatism can carry on in the interval is a proposition to which few experienced observers will assent. If Mr. George goes, he probably takes with him not only the blameless Chamberlain, but the megalomaniac Churchill, and the gentleman known to the poet of the "Post," *tout court*, as "Smith."

We turn, therefore, to the only competitors who,

judging by the three significant pollings in Clayton, Camberwell, and Bodmin, offer, in any kind of combination, a decisive alternative to the Coalition. This combination may not be fully realized, for high constructive talent in politics is rare, and the materialist strain in modern life is so great that parties who largely agree with each other in vital matters, such as European reconstruction, fail to find, in the great spiritual and economic need of the world, a compelling motive to a common work of rescue. We deeply regret this weakness, and we are sure that after the election is over, Labor, no less than Liberalism, will have cause to regret it too. Not that we attach excessive importance to the three-cornered contests in which Conservatism, Liberalism, and Labor fight each other. It is a miserable and haphazard strategy, pregnant with the stupid accidents of an unskilled war. But it may not prove fatal to the growing hope of a good Labor-Liberal majority. It looks as if the ex-Coalition might find itself furnishing the weakest quota in scores of constituencies; and as if the real battle will be between Liberalism and Labor. The Labor tactician looks to that issue, and expects to profit by it. He may; though if Liberalism goes on growing at its present pace, the balance of gain to Labor may prove to be trifling. But there is the country to be thought of. A series of jarring events at the polls will make a bad preparation for a strong post-election Ministry. The nation will think with some justice that it is an unprincipled affair for two parties who have been more or less rancorously maltreating each other on the platform to come together a few weeks later in a Cabinet Council. If there were no common Radical measure of Liberal and Labor policies, we should be the last to suggest the appearance of a new Coalition, as unprincipled as the old ones. But there is such a measure, though it has never been formally declared, and we have only to think of personalities like Mr. Clynes, Mr. Henderson, Mr. MacDonald, Mr. Thomas, Mr. Snowden, Mr. Tawney, and even Mr. Sidney Webb on the one hand, and Lord Milner, Lord Haldane, Mr. Asquith, Lord Robert Cecil, and Lord Grey on the other, in order to conceive what the main configurations of a Labor-Liberal Government should be. It would, of course, take over, in order to press and enlarge it, the policy of Genoa. And it would have to come to an immediate resolution to stay the onslaught on wages, and to say firmly that there must be no Slave State in England. It would, we think, at once decide to resume the war-policy of consultation and agreement with Labor, and to aim at the dual government of industry as the political conception behind these councils. And it must, of course, tackle finance and expenditure. But we imagine it would do so in an entirely different spirit from the Geddes reporters. There is no possible government of modern England on the Inchcape model. The salvation of British industry must come by way of the re-creation of international trade and the revival of the international temper.

We shall be told that we concern ourselves for little, and that a Labor Administration will follow naturally on a Labor majority at the polls. If it does, we shall support it, and hope to see it grow into a strong and practical organ of government. Certainly, the news of a Labor victory would shake the fortress of militarism which bristles its guns in Paris and elsewhere as no other event since the Treaty of Versailles could do. Nor do we specially fear a failure in the foreign policy of Labor, save maybe on the score of over-caution. It had an independent and a true thought on the issues of the war, and many an Imperialist heart to-day must breathe a

sigh that the tentative advance of Stockholm was so feebly pursued and so soon withdrawn. But we have two reflections to make as we envisage a pure Labor Government at grips with the problem of Empire. Finance is a vast subject; there are experts of the Liberal type at work in its obscure recesses—Lord Milner, Mr. McKenna, Mr. Keynes, are obvious examples—but we confess that we do not see a Labor Chancellor of the Exchequer firmly exploring them, and attracting to his work the needful measure of national support. And we think that the confidence of the Civil Service, grievously shaken by the disloyalties and betrayals of the existing Administration, would rally strongly to a Liberal element in the Executive, in harmony with its best traditions and experience. If it be true that the succeeding Government must be as strong and as truly national as the wit of man can devise, we must ask ourselves whether a purely Labor Government would possess the self-consciousness of strength, and whether the country would have an adequate opinion of and trust in it. That is the true political problem. It is open for the consideration of all the chiefs of the Liberal and Labor armies. They must think for the country and not merely for their own followers. The Empire is almost on its back, and no sectional Government is likely to do more than set it up in some semblance of its normal way of life. Having been dosed and doped with the cant of patriotism, it is time for Britain to have a taste of the real thing.

AN ESSAY IN RECONSTRUCTION.

WE have each of us his own way of emphasizing and underlining events in contemporary history. For our part we have always reckoned the murder of Jean Jaurès among the decisive happenings of the war period. It is inevitable that one should personify nations in their greatest men. A nation must have a voice and a standard-bearer. One man, indeed, may rarely represent her adequately, and each current of opinion will make its choice. In some periods and in some countries one does not hesitate, even when the great man is out of power. Germany in our fathers' day was Bismarck, but it was also Bebel; and Gladstone, while he lived, was for most of the Continent the voice of England. It does not matter very greatly, in deciding one's habitual feeling towards a given people, whether its ideal self is actually in control of its destinies. We never used to think of the Tsar or of any Russian statesman as Russia. Russia, for us, was always its humane, protesting *intelligenza*, the spirit of its literature and its art, neither Tolstoy, nor Tchekov, nor Gorky, nor Ropin, but a mind which had all these facets. One might feel bitter and angry over the daily doings of the Russian Empire, but one could not cherish an unkindly feeling towards the Russian people.

In our own recollection we had for many years this same dual feeling towards France. From the Dreyfus case to the end of the Moroccan affair, with the ugly thread of the Tsarist alliance running through it all, we were often the sharp critics of official France. But we never had a sense of estrangement. Here was a sister people in whose policy there was the usual mixture of good and evil, and the good was often noble, eloquent, and brave. For many years we never missed reading "l'Humanité," while Jaurès wrote for it. Here was a great Frenchman who was also a great European, a thinker of immense power and insight, who also was wholly free from the national egoism which alone in the

end limits the understanding of peoples. When he was murdered, this ideal France became for us nearly inarticulate, and when a Parisian jury acquitted the assassin, it was as though France had herself strangled her own soul. We do not mean to undervalue men like Anatole France, Romain Rolland, and Barbusse. But one cannot think of them as active leaders who really influence policy as Jaurès, even in opposition, often did. It is this lack of any spiritual contact which, for progressive Englishmen, has made the jars and misunderstandings of recent years so painful and so dangerous. A Clemenceau, a Poincaré, or a Tardieu spoke or wrote for France. There was no other voice strong enough to carry across the Channel.

By these same personal or sectional standards of measurement we count the appearance of a notable book by M. Caillaux as a considerable event ("Où va la France? Où va l'Europe?"). For us the contact is re-established. The sense of total estrangement is at an end. For the first time in many years we have read in French, lucid and sometimes eloquent French, a handling of the current problems from the standpoint of an open-minded democrat. It is a book which treats our European civilization, imperilled and betrayed as it is, as a common possession, to be entrusted to the best minds of all the peoples of our riven and divided society. We never, at the worst, at all events since the Armistice, quite lost that feeling about the Germans. They were thinking internationally. They produced books like those of Rathenau which were important for us all. In their bold social reforms and experiments they were even pioneers who might be clearing paths for us all. Here at last is a book which shows that the French in their turn are not wholly absorbed in their nationalism, and it is a book by a man who was before his misfortunes or his mistakes perhaps the most influential of practical politicians, with a mind so powerful and daring that it is hard to think of him as a permanently lost leader. Its distinguishing quality is for us its openness of mind. Neither historic feuds, nor frontiers, nor party ties limit its outlook. It discerns the need for fundamental social change. It has the courage to say that the choice before Europe is one between a slow lapse into barbaric poverty on the one hand, and a reconstruction so bold that he even uses the word "revolution" to describe it.

With varying degrees of clearness and with many individual caprices in shading, most of us have drawn for ourselves something like the picture which M. Caillaux presents of European society. The mountain of debt overhangs the whole landscape. He shows us a foreground broken up by national egoism into meaningless, isolated patches. We are all familiar with the phenomenon of "Balkanization" in Central Europe and the East. But M. Caillaux dwells on the extent to which even the Western countries have striven to become, or have been forced to become, self-sufficing "universal providers." It happened partly under the disguise of strategic thinking. We were all to become independent of each other with a view to the next war. It was due on the Continent as often to the difficulty of purchasing abroad with a dilapidated currency. The result is that the old international division of labor has broken down. Each country strives to produce every conceivable commodity within its own frontiers. The mania of wishing to sell without buying is universal. France has plunged into still higher protectionism, and has managed her fiscal policy so badly that in two years she has failed to renew a single commercial treaty. At home (most clearly of all in the case of France) the fundamental political fact is government by a plutocracy. The banks control the Press, and the Press intimidates the

Chamber. Such small attempt as has been made to balance the Budget by new taxation has been solely by indirect taxes. Inflation and the printing-press have, in their turn, imposed a sort of indirect tax of the most indiscriminating kind, which falls primarily on the wage-earners and the small middle class. Everywhere democracy is depressed and oppressed, and power is in the hands of a small financial oligarchy. The German scene, as the first effects of the democratic revolution wear off, threatens to become as dismal as the French. The salient fact is the continuous growth of the Trust system, and the typical combination of Herr Stinnes lays its hands, not merely on coal and iron, electricity and transport, but prepares also the complete enslavement of the mind of the people, with its paper cartel, its hundred kept newspapers, and its inroad (for this is the latest development) into the publishing trade. M. Caillaux wrote before the plans for Genoa were known, or he might have completed his survey by describing the new international "sky-scraper" which combines the Trusts across the frontiers. His sketch is filled in with ruthless studies of French national finance, and of the general impoverishment.

There are two possible attitudes to such a picture, and, like most of us, M. Caillaux adopts them both. He is prepared, with wise reservations, to take a Marxist reading of history. It is for him not so much a "divine tactic" as an economic process. One may trace, readily enough, the inevitable steps by which Capitalism has evolved towards its most elaborate stage—the "vertical" Trust (*i.e.*, the Stinnes organization, which includes every process and every subsidiary trade involved in the transition from raw iron and coal to the completed electrical instrument). If you follow this line of thinking you seem to march towards the hopeless enslavement of our Continent. And that is going on. Nowhere is the actual movement towards the reality of democracy. Labor is beaten in every battle, and only this week the engineering employers throw down a challenge on workshop control. In Germany the eight-hours law, unemployed insurance, and the nationalized railways are all in danger. In France the trade unions scarcely exist any longer as a fighting force. If Genoa marks a step towards freer trade and the lowering of frontier barriers, it also threatens to extend the international Trust across them.

Against all this M. Caillaux makes his democratic

protest. He examines many possible solutions. He rejects Communism. He is not attracted by Rathenau's Utopia of the controlled Trust, partly because he dislikes too much regimentation, and partly because, as he argues very shrewdly, the Trust magnate on any mixed board of control would be more than a match for the bureaucrat and the workmen's representative. He has his own eclectic remedy, which begins with free trade and economic internationalism, and goes on to a sort of modified Guild Socialism. He thinks the Soviet idea (direct professional representation) has its place under a political Parliament. He would adopt the "Grasmere" idea of confining the rewards of "passive" capital to a fixed rate of interest. He would give control of industry to all the active workers, from the managing director down to the laborer. He thinks some form of levy on capital may be feasible.

All this the sympathetic reader will follow with much interest, if only because it is one of the first signs of the irruption of this new thought into the practical politics of France. The construction, though inspiring, is too slight for detailed criticism. To our minds it raises a broader question. The economic determinism of the diagnosis and the idealism of the prescription stand in sharp contrast. One passes from the one to the other with the uneasy sense of a leap, a *saltus*, over an unbridged chasm in nature. We see the forces at work, mechanical, economic forces, which have made the Trust, and the reign of the plutocracy. We feel within ourselves the revolt of the ideal, of the will, of the imagination, which desire to shape the new society. But what economic forces aid us? There is no answer, save that sovereign democracy may legislate. But the analysis has already dethroned it. It is the democracy whose mind is formed by the corrupt, bank-ridden, boulevard Press of France, the Trust-owned Press of Germany, the intellect-destroying Sunday Press of England. If it is hard in this actual world to conceive democratic control within the Trust, it is at least as hard to imagine, in France, and not too easy in England, a Ministry inspired by these ideals wrestling successfully with City and Press and federated Capital. A triumphant democratic tactic must somehow bring together the economic forces and the popular ideal. There, it seems to us, we all fail, Socialists and Radicals alike. What we await is a reconciliation of political mechanics with social ethics.

FAREWELL TO AMERICA.

By H. W. NEVINSON.

IN mist and driving snow the towers of New York fade from view. The great ship slides down the river. Already the dark, broad seas gloom before her. Good-bye, most beautiful of modern cities! Good-bye to glimmering spires and lighted bastions, dreamlike as the castles and cathedrals of a romantic vision! Good-bye to thin films of white steam that issue from central furnaces and flit in dissolving wreaths around those precipitous heights! Good-bye to heaven-piled offices, so clean, so warm, where lovely stenographers, with silk stockings and powdered faces, sit leisurely at work or converse in charming ease! Good-bye, New York! I am going home. I am going to an ancient city of mean and mouldering streets, of ignoble coverts for mankind, extended monotonously over many miles; of grimy smoke clinging closer than a blanket; of smudgy typists who know little of silk or powder, and less of leisure and charming ease. Good-bye, New York! I am going home.

Good-bye to beautiful "apartments" and "homes"! Good-bye to windows looking far over the city as from

a mountain peak! Good-bye to central heating and radiators, fit symbols of the hearts they warm! Good-bye to frequent and well-appointed bath-rooms, glory of the plumber's art! Good-bye to suburban gardens running into each other without hedge or fence to separate friend from friend, or enemy from enemy! Good-bye to shady verandahs where rocking chairs stand ranged in rows, ready for reading the voluminous Sunday papers and the "Saturday Evening Post"! Good-bye, America! I am going home. I am going to a land where every man's house is his prison—a land of open fires and chilly rooms and frozen water-pipes, of washing-stands and slop-pails, and one bath per household at the most; a land of fences and hedges and walls, where people sit aloof, and see no reason to make themselves seasick by rocking upon shore. Good-bye, America! I am going home.

Good-bye to the copious meals—the early grapefruit, the "cereals," the eggs broken in a glass! Good-bye to oysters, large and small, to celery and olives

beside the soup, to "sea food," to sublimated viands, to bleeding duck, to the salad course, to the "individual pie" or the thick wedge of apple pie, to the invariable slab of ice-cream, to the coffee, also bland with cream, to the home-brewed alcohol! I am going to the land of joints and roots and solid pudding; the land of ham-and-eggs and violent tea; the land where oysters are good for suicides alone, and where cream is seldom seen; the land where mustard grows and whisky flows. Good-bye, America! I am going home.

Good-bye to the long stream of motors—"limousines" or "flivvers"! Good-bye to the signal lights upon Fifth Avenue, gold, crimson, and green; the sudden halt when the green light shines, as though at the magic word an enchanted princess had fallen asleep; the hurried rush for the leisurely lunch at noon, the deliberate appearance of hustle and bustle in business; the Jews, innumerable as the Red Sea sand! Good-bye to outside staircases for escape from fire! Good-bye to scrappy suburbs littered with rubbish of old boards, tin pails, empty cans, and boots! Good-bye to standardized villages and small towns, alike in litter, in ropes of electric wires along the streets, in clanking "trolleys," in chapels, stores, railway stations, Main Streets, and isolated wooden houses flung at random over the country! Good-bye to miles of advertisement imploring me in ten-foot letters to eat somebody's cod fish ("No Bones!"), or smoke somebody's cigarettes ("They Satisfy!") or sleep with innocence in the "Faultless Nightgown"! Good-bye to the long trains where one smokes in a lavatory, and sleeps at night upon a shelf screened with heavy green curtains and heated with stifling air, while over your head or under your back the baby yells and the mother tosses moaning, until at last you reach your "stopping-off place," and a semi-negro sweeps you down with a little broom, as in a supreme rite of worship! Good-bye to the house that is labelled "One Hundred Years Old," for the amazement of mortality! Good-bye to thin woods, and fields enclosed with casual pales, old hoops, and lengths of wire! I am going to the land of a policeman's finger, where the horse and the bicycle still drag out a lingering life; a land of persistent and silent toil; a land of old villages and towns as little like each other as one woman is like the next; a land where trains are short, and one seldom sleeps in them, for in any direction within a day they will reach a sea; a land of vast and ancient trees, of houses time-honored three centuries ago, of cathedrals that have been growing for a thousand years, and of village churches built while people believed in God. Good-bye, America! I am going home.

Good-bye to the land of a new language in growth, of split infinitives and cross-bred words; the land where a dinner-jacket is a "Tuxedo," a spittoon a "Cuspidor"; where your opinion is called your "reaction," and where "vamp," instead of meaning an improvised accompaniment to a song, means a dangerous female! Good-bye to the land where grotesque exaggeration is called humor, and people gape in bewilderment at irony, as a bullock gapes at a dog straying in his field! Good-bye to the land where strangers say "Glad to meet you, sir," and really seem glad; where children whine their little desires, and never grow much older; where men keep their trousers up with belts that run through loops, and women have to bathe in stockings. I am going to a land of ancient speech, where we still say "record" and "concord" for "recud" and "concu"; where "necessarily" and "extraordinarily" must be taken at one rush, as hedge-ditch-and-rail in the hunting field; where we do not "commute" or "check" or "page," but "take a season" and "register" and "send a boy

round"; where we never say we are glad to meet a stranger, and seldom are; where humor is understatement, and irony is our habitual resource in danger or distress; where children are told they are meant to be seen and not heard; where it is "bad form" to express emotion, and suspenders are a strictly feminine article of attire. Good-bye, America! I am going home.

Good-bye to the multitudinous papers, indefinite of opinion, crammed with insignificant news, and asking you to continue a first-page article on page 23 column 5! Good-bye to the weary platitude, accepted as wisdom's latest revelation! Good-bye to the docile audiences that lap rhetoric for sustenance! Good-bye to politicians contending for aims more practical than principles! Good-bye to Republicans and Democrats, distinguishable only by mutual hatred! Good-bye to the land where Liberals are thought dangerous, and Radicals show red! Where Mr. Gompers is called a Socialist, and Mr. Asquith would seem advanced! A land too large for concentrated indignation; a land where wealth beyond the dreams of British profiteers dwells, dresses, gorges, and luxuriates, emulated and unashamed! I am going to a land of politics violently divergent; a land where even Coalitions cannot coalesce; where meetings break up in turbulent disorder, and no platitude avails to soothe the savage breast; a land fierce for personal freedom, and indignant with rage for justice; a land where wealth is taxed out of sight, or for very shame strives to disguise its luxury; a land where an ancient order is passing away, and leaders whom you call extreme are hailed by Lord Chancellors as the very fortifications of security. Good-bye, America! I am going home.

Good-bye to prose chopped up to look like verse! Good-bye to the indiscriminating appetite which gulps lectures as opiates, and "printed matter" as literature! Good-bye to the wizards and witches who ask to psycho-analyze my complexes, inhibitions, and "silly dreams! Good-bye to the exuberant religious or fantastic beliefs by which unsatisfied mankind still strives desperately to penetrate beyond the flaming bulwarks of the world! Good-bye, Americans! I am going to a land very much like yours. I am going to your spiritual home.

A London Diary.

LONDON, THURSDAY.

THE marvel about the voice of protest which the Prime Minister breathed through the "Telegraph," is that it did not come earlier. Mr. George has been stung to the quick; as, in the elaborate and malicious play on his temperament, it was meant that he should be stung. In a few weeks he has been almost deposed from his leadership; so much so that I heard of a well-known Ministerial speaker who was cautioned not to mention his name at a by-election. This is a great fall; and the hostility of the Die-Hards, and also their success, have been so marked that the resignation now openly threatened has long been commended to him. It may still come, and Mr. Chamberlain be invited to step into his place, under promise of "independent" support so long as the original policy of the Coalition (or what Mr. George thinks that policy ought to be) is adhered to. But resignation is opposed by such passionate and altruistic friends as Mr. Churchill and Lord Birkenhead, united (for the moment) in the resolve never to desert Mr. Micawber. So, in Gladstone's phrase about Gordon, the Prime Minister is "hemmed in," if not exactly "surrounded," by lieutenants who will not let him go. Perhaps if he really wanted to go himself, he might

contrive to evade these Delilah-like embraces. But power is a great seduction. Mr. George has had his cupful, over-brimmed, and the intoxicating draught has both changed and weakened him. His present mood is, I gather, to meet the Tory attack with a counter-strategy of his own.

MUCH, no doubt, depends on the character of Mr. George's challenge to the Die-Hards. It seems pretty clear that he has called for their expulsion, or for Sir George Younger's dismissal. If so, he must know that the Tory Party will not emasculate itself to please the man whom it believes to be little better than a Socialist, and to whom it traces the state of the country, the loss of Ireland, and the confusion in its own ranks. That, again, means he is out to smash the Tories and create a new party. For if the Die-Hards are to remain, it is fantastic to suppose that Mr. Chamberlain can control them. They are not particularly clear on policy, but they never did and never could tolerate for a permanence a leader of the character and social type of Mr. George, in no relation with the aristocracy (as was Disraeli, the other great adventurer), and maintaining a kind of Napoleonic court of his own. All that can be hoped for is a little decency in tone. But who can keep the ribald "Post" in tune to Mr. Chamberlain's platitudinous note, and Lord Birkenhead's pontifical one? Or stop the natural Tory from saying in his heart, "That's the stuff to give 'em"? Or prevent his seeing that the Coalition is a thing to take with a burial party, not for an electioneering trip?

It must not be supposed that the credit (if that is the word to use) of the Cabinet's decision to under-cut the Geddes Report on Education is due to Mr. Fisher or Dr. Macnamara. I imagine they did little or nothing. The work was the Prime Minister's.

WILL Genoa come to substantial being? It looks doubtful. The seeming Anglo-French understanding is a delusion. There is the usual dangerous politeness which comes over antagonists when they approach a state of open war; but official France works as persistently as ever against the success of the Conference, and she has gained important points. The personalities are antipathetic; Mr. Lloyd George and M. Poincaré are not made to get on with each other—method and character, training and style of work, are sharply opposed. Where the two Celts, Briand and George, could exchange a laughing cynicism, and do a little quiet business together, the stiff French *doctrinaire* and the supple Welshman will always be at odds. Then there is Russia. The acute division comes on the "probationary" policy of Doctor Benes. Even if Russia submits, which is doubtful, there is more or less of an alignment of Powers on the whole problem of their relations with the Soviet Government. On one side stand England, Germany, Italy, and Scandinavia. Poland, it is thought, is nearly neutral. But the hostile Powers include France, Hungary, Roumania, to some degree Austria, and more doubtfully Czecho-Slovakia. A good deal of this is French suggestion, but where there has been experience of Communism, as in Austria and Hungary, the dislike and fear of it is a more or less reasoned policy.

THE idea that Lord Harcourt could have courted death, as an incident at the inquest suggested, must seem strange to those who know how strongly one passionate feeling bound him to living. This was his interest in the completion of his father's life. The love to which his absorption in Mr. Gardiner's work bore

witness was indeed a wonderful thing; passing the love of women. Yet it was not the attachment of like to like. Sir William Harcourt's character was widely different from his son's; and the elder man's exuberant gambol through life was an amusing contrast with the precise and mannered walk of the younger. Yet the two were inseparable. No man could have had such a Secretary as the Chancellor of the Government of 1892 enjoyed; and years afterwards Lord Harcourt showed me the many bound volumes in which his father's notes for the great Budget were enshrined. The son's career rose and then halted. His health stopped this Ambassador-born from ever taking a great diplomatic post; though, indeed, in his personal relationships he over-diplomatized life. This habit extended to the simplest courtesies. "Here," he seemed to me to be saying, "is one of God's creatures; let us see what a little tact will do for him." Yet Lord Harcourt had real and fine interests. He was a great gardener, carrying on a not unsuccessful competition with Kew in the culture of rarities; and he loved and studied bird-life, furnishing strong help to the crusaders for its rescue from the fur-trader's privy paw. And though his life as a grandee absorbed and also tired him, his Liberalism was keen on the purely political side, and so remained to his death.

I NOTICED a curious likeness-unlikeness between the masses at the Princess's wedding, and the much smaller crowd which waited on the news of the declaration of war. Both had the same absorbed look and wandering air. But if the peripatetics of 1914 seemed unhappily bemused, the outer throng of wedding-guests were undeniably happy. They said little; being, I suppose, rapt in contemplation of the fairyland which they think Princesses (provided they are young and pretty) must inhabit. One would like, in everybody's interest, to see their faces light up with more positive emotions, so that they would be intensely serious and indignant about a declaration of war, and on fire with sympathy for a marriage. Perhaps they were brain-fagged. How else could it be? No mortal mind but must wither under hundreds of columns of sycophantic gush, with hardly a word from the heart. The ceremony they never saw. The street pageant, save for a flying glance at a face in the window, was not much to see, though I am sure they had the idea of a grandeur kindly meant and well disposed. But a more sincere and simple-minded Press might have given them a keener joy.

AN Irish correspondent sends me this amusing *aperçu* of the personalities in the Irish situation. Here is de Valera:—

"The most powerful and popular opponent to Anglo-Irish peace is Edward de Valera, the American-born son of a Spanish artist. This leader was unknown to the Irish public before 1916. He was never a member of the I.R.B. nor a follower of Arthur Griffith; his fame resulted from his leadership of a group of volunteers in the fighting during Easter week (1916). His subsequent imprisonment endeared him to the emotional sympathies of Nationalist Ireland, and because of his non-membership of Sinn Féin or the I.R.B., he became the leader at the fusion of the two in 1917. De Valera was considered to be a moderating force in Irish politics. He is now the extreme opponent of his once extremist *confères*. The Spanish-American is sincere, with a blind contempt for realities. His statecraft is delightfully *gauche*. He is a professor turned politician. The power of the ex-President lies in his personal charm and the romance of his career since 1916. He appears at present to be in danger of falling between two stools—the Free State, which he opposes as being non-Republican, and the Republicans because they dislike his advocacy of 'external association' with King George V. The reputed political adviser to this leader is Major Childers, an Englishman who served in the Imperial Fleet during the European War."

HE proceeds as follows:—

"Next on the list of opposition leaders we have the lively or turbulent Constance Gore-Booth (Countess

Markievicz). She is the daughter of a Conservative landlord and brother to Sir Josslyn Gore-Booth, who was arrested by Sinn Feiners a few days ago. This aristocratic lady denounces Arthur Griffith for his abject surrender to Ireland's enemies—the landlords. She is a picturesque figure and well known to the Labor leaders, O'Brien and O'Daly. Her claim to be more democratic than democracy is taken with good humor. The paradox of the present situation is to hear the Stockleys, Stopfords, Comerfords, Brodricks, and Burgesses proclaiming their Gaelic nationality, and denouncing with all the vituperation at their command the base Anglo-Saxons, the O'Higginses, the O'Hegarthys, Mulcahys, Murphys, MacNeills, and O'Duffys, who wish to make them as British as themselves. The comedy consists in watching the pacifists clamoring for war, and sharpening wordy bayonets against the famous Chief of Staff, Mulcahy. The Communists, small in numbers, have lashed themselves into a frenzy of supernaturalism and race hatred (under the influence of a Papal Count, a Polish Countess, and the Hon. Albina Brodrick, the stars of the Nationalist Revolution)."

SOME of my readers might like a brief continuation course in Mr. Bottomley's theology, as developed in various numbers of the "Sunday Pictorial." Here, for example, is a little sermon in prose appearing on August 1st, 1915, and entitled "A Few Thoughts on the War's Anniversary":—

"In former days we thanked God for the golden harvest—the sunshine and the rain. This year, bowing reverently to His decree, we curse the Devil for his red harvest—a harvest of blood and tears. . . . For what purpose has God permitted this holocaust of Hell—this Devil's harvest? Shall I shock you too much if I say that perhaps He couldn't prevent it? . . .

"Would you be on the winning side? Then remember this—*God always wins in the end.* In other words, Good always triumphs over Evil—Right over Wrong. *But not without a mighty struggle*—in which the Devil always appears to win at first. *That, too, is God's way of weakening his resources.* . . . Never yet has Satan vanquished God. . . . And now he is desperate. In the Butcher of Berlin he has found an ideal confederate, but all to no avail. The Anglo-Saxon and the Latin races realise their place in the great scheme of things, and, together, they will lead the world. That is their destiny. But to-day they are on their trial. And my last words to them to-day are these: Keep up your spirits. Just whisper a prayer: 'God cheer the weeping women; God bless the silent dead.' Then send up a rousing cheer for the good old Flag."

Breezy, but (I think) orthodox.

AND here is something in verse, a leaf, as it were, from Mr. Bottomley's "Christian Year." It is called "The Test."

"Shall we revive the old days—with all things as before—
Employer fighting workman; rich battling with the poor?

The priest and parson praying—whilst saints and sinners pay;
All Paradise to-morrow—with hell on earth to-day?

Shall we pursue the old road—the road we always trod?
Is that why the blood is flowing—is that why the women weep?

Is that why our dear lost brothers are sleeping their long last sleep?

"Just ponder those questions. . . . If we cannot answer them to the satisfaction of the Great Auditor,* then we must not hope for victory in this conflict. We shall not deserve it. So far, however, I believe we have risen to a true conception of the test—and that

When the books all balanced, at last we hear our name,
We'll stand at the salute and proudly make this claim—
We heard the call and answered—and when it reached our ears

We pulled ourselves together; we dried the women's tears. . . .

We fought like worthy foemen, on battlefield and flood,
AND PURIFIED OUR SPIRIT IN SEAS OF HUMAN BLOOD.

"At any rate, that is my reading of the signs and portents. Is it yours? If it be, then, with me, you will better endure the agony and the sacrifice of the trial."

A WAYFARER.

* Apparently an early reference to the Official Receiver.

Life and Letters.

THE POWER OF COLLECTIVE EMOTION.

THE Royal wedding has elicited a great deal of sentimental flattery and some cynical comment, but neither flattery nor cynicism goes very far in explaining the vast crowds and the intense excitement of Tuesday. The King is popular and respected: he is deservedly popular and deservedly respected. Even among those who hold that we should do better without monarchy there would be general agreement that King George is a man of unflagging public spirit: that he never considers his own comfort or his own prestige: that nobody has been and nobody could be more unreservedly loyal to the spirit of the Constitution and the understandings on which it depends. He has never treated his position in the spirit of the Pope who said: "Since God has given us the Papacy let us enjoy it"; on the other hand, he is wholly free from the superstitions about his office that made George III. and the Kaiser such dangerous influences. If he had been less free from vanity and petty ambition, the disasters of the last three years might well have proved irreparable. His habits of industry and his spirit of unassuming devotion to public duty have set their stamp on the conduct of the Royal Family and its several members; and the personal credit of the House of Windsor never stood higher. But fate or the Allies have dealt too roughly with the thrones of the Continent in the last few years for the kind of flattery that turns kings into demigods and makes monarchy a divine institution. On the other hand, there is something in the wild enthusiasm for the Royal marriage that the cynics miss when they put it all down to native snobbishness or the skilful provision of dope. "Human nature in the upper circles is particularly likeable," says one of Meredith's characters, and Englishmen are believed, rightly or wrongly, to be quicker than most people in discovering this charm. But nobody who explains the rapt faces and the intent crowds in the London streets by this instinct alone has really got to the root of the matter. The emotion he is interpreting is something wider, deeper, and more interesting than this.

Let us suppose that it was announced that the most eminent man of science or the most eminent painter or the most eminent musician was going to be married or buried next week in Westminster Abbey. Would there be special trains from all parts of the country? Would everyone be tapping his glass? Does anybody doubt that it would be possible to walk quite comfortably in the London streets or that the papers would have a little space for other topics? Why is this? The answer is given by students of primitive ritual and custom. The excitement and interest caused by the Royal marriage have less to do with the spirit of reverence than with the satisfaction of collective emotion. The primitive gods, as Dr. Jane Harrison tells us, were worshipped because they were collective emotion taking shape in imagined form. That is the secret of the common feeling about Royalty to-day. It is not adulation, but the dread of loneliness. There is something pathetic in the passionate longing of the human race for solidarity, for the sense that the individual is not an isolated being, but a member of a community with common traditions, common tastes, common habits, and in the consequent delight that men take in ceremonies and types that personify common life. To thousands of minds it is an immense satisfaction to reflect that the Greeks of the days of Herodotus, or Romans of the days of Cicero, saw birds and animals that we see to-day. When any past

world is disclosed to us by scholars like Sir Arthur Evans, we are much more interested in the familiar features of that world than in any of its surprises: it is to the resemblances rather than the differences that our hearts are warm. Any funeral excites our feelings because it emphasizes an experience that is common to all of us: any marriage because it is associated romantically with the cycle of human life. We all desire something that we can share with others in the way of joy or sorrow, and it is to this instinct, at which the cynics sneer when it expresses itself ridiculously, that we trace the origins of art. Nothing is more significant in the French Revolution than the relief with which Paris turned aside from all the sensational horrors of the day to celebrate the funeral of a plain, obscure man, to whom this honor was paid for no other reason than his obscurity, for that obscurity made him the most fitting object for the collective emotion. What fascinates the world in Charlie Chaplin is that he is like the rest of us, only more so: that he can touch with humor and sympathy traits, habits, experiences of the race. It may be that Lord Lascelles is a profound astronomer or geologist; that he anticipated Einstein, or that he is passionately interested in metaphysics; but if this is so, these facts about him have been wisely suppressed, for, instead of enlisting our affection, they would excite our prejudice. We prefer to think of him as soldier, hunter, man of fashion, with nothing distinguishing or isolating about him. The supreme mistake made by the Kaiser was his failure to see that monarchy which aims at being something more than the representative of collective emotion is bound to come to grief in the modern world, and that the only way in which kings can keep popular affection is by symbolizing the common attributes of mankind. To pretend to be a superman on the throne is as bad as being one, and to claim special gifts and knowledge is to put yourself out of tune with your fellows. There is something estranging in distinction or the cultivation of special interests. What people resented about the Prince Consort was that he had the kind of tastes that make a man more at home in the British Association than in the British Empire.

In considering this remarkable emotional force, we have to take into account the revolution effected by the picture Press. Victor Hugo has a great passage about the displacement of architecture by printing: we have witnessed the displacement of the printed word by the printed picture. By this means millions of people in their scattered homes pore over the same features, the same presentation of the clothes or headdress or boots of somebody in the public eye. Collective emotion never had such an opportunity in the history of mankind. The power of the Press has been increased in consequence to a degree that we can scarcely realize. "Let us suffer any person to tell us his story morning and evening," said Burke, "for a twelvemonth, and he will become our master." The invention of the picture Press has turned twelve months into twelve days. It was Mr. Graham Wallas who first pointed out in "Human Nature in Politics" that if a man is asking for votes, his face, however ugly or repulsive it may be, is his best argument, if only he puts it on enough hoardings. Nobody can resist the fascination of features that he sees again and again, for after a time the man on the hoardings is as familiar as the man next door, with this difference: that the man next door has probably irritated him sometimes so that his features call up something unpleasant, whereas the man on the hoardings has never put him out. It is possible that even great men of science might become popular idols if this method were employed on their behalf. If the readers of the "Daily Mirror" were to

see the present Master of Trinity, for example, every day for a week, one day with his favorite dog, another feeding his goldfish, a third in a happy domestic scene, they might forget that he is one of the greatest physicists in the world, and come to feel towards him as they feel towards Lord Lascelles. In the case of the Royal Pair there has been every inducement to keep them, their faces, their clothes, their gestures, before the public eye: tradesmen, milliners, all sorts of interests that count very materially in the newspaper world, have had every motive for stimulating this collective emotion, and as a result the features of Lord Lascelles and Princess Mary are better known in English homes than the features of the most illustrious Englishmen of the day. It is possible to state the plain facts in such a way as to throw some doubt on the authority of reason in the modern world. But let us at any rate remember that the collective emotion which makes modern London the slave of the "Daily Mirror" gave us in another age the glories of the Attic drama and the beauty of the Parthenon.

A PROPHET OF THE LORD.

PSYCHOLOGY has an interesting explanation of the wearing of poppies on Armistice Day in remembrance of the dead. It is a tacit and subconscious testimony to the guilt of our betrayal of those men we sent to their death in a war to end war and to establish liberty and justice on the earth. In the very act of pretending to do honor to their memory, the emblem of oblivion thrusts itself forward for acceptance. Secretly we recognize it were better to forget as quickly and as completely as we can. Hence our adoption of the poppy for "remembrance," as the boldest challenge to memories we dare not face. The complete disappearance from the mind of names of places and of persons connected with some nerve-shattering experience is a fairly common personal occurrence. But no less interesting is the way in which the collective mind obliterates names it finds inconvenient to remember. In his brief Introduction to his wife's translation of the wonderful little book of Tolstoy, "Christianity and Patriotism" (Jonathan Cape), Mr. Edward Garnett notes the significant fact that during the Great War Tolstoy's name was never mentioned, and that none of the great man's recent biographers have dwelt upon this special section of his teaching. How should they? How can a Christendom, steeped in the blood of such a war and peace, pause to recollect the name of one who really believed that Christ meant what he said, and explained with the genius of sincerity precisely what that meaning was? They knew not the man. Why should they speak of him? The Christian Churches now, indeed, show signs of feeling uncomfortable. They are a little uneasy about their war record, half-recognizing that it hardly qualified them to exert the influence they might have had in making the peace. Some of our spiritual leaders even profess a sort of guarded penitence. They had not realized that the sort of war they had blessed would leave the world in so unblessed a case. But does their well-timed penitence ring quite true even in their own ears? Would it stop them from putting the name of Christ to the endorsement of another war?

But, after all, it may be said, are not such complaints themselves a little insincere? All that a man hath will he give for his life. In war-time, when everything is at stake, every resource that can feed the will to victory must be mobilized—Party, Press, School, and Church. If it be the case that our Churches are hampered for wholehearted bellicosity by doctrines and

principles of peace and non-resistance, so much the greater the merit of their sacrifice upon the altar of patriotism. And, after all, the real sacrifice is not so costly as it might appear. For most Christians have accorded their Master's words a sentimental tribute to the beauty of a moral ideal, happily too remote from human nature as we find it to make any inconvenient claim upon current behavior. We may grow up to it some day—some distant day. The notion that the Sermon on the Mount contains vital truths for application now by us as individuals and peoples we simply cannot entertain. We do not reject these truths, we do not see them, and when any man, like Tolstoy, thrusts them before us with audacious importunity, we forget his very name. It is not hypocrisy. Psychology disposes of hypocrisy by showing how much easier it is to deceive ourselves than wittingly to deceive others.

But we need not go to professional psychology for an explanation of Christianity in khaki. For such a seer and prophet as Tolstoy brings conviction by those qualities of sheer insight and plain declaration which overbear all argument. To pose the moral contradictions between the conduct of a war and the principles of civilized life does not carry us very far towards understanding what has happened. We have first to comprehend the manner of the growth and making of that Patriotism, so Tolstoy believes, that we hold enthroned the great, sacred Lie. That Lie may be briefly indicated in humanity, and plunge their owners back into the savagery of their neolithic ancestry. For it is in Patriotism, so Tolstoy believes, that we hold enthroned the great, sacred Lie. That Lie may be briefly indicated in the statement that Patriotism as an operative force does not consist, as the name indicates and common usage pretends, in the desire to help our own people, but in the desire to injure another. For his testimony Tolstoy goes to the working up of the passionate *entente* between France and Russia in the early 'nineties. For centuries past Frenchmen and Russians had entered sometimes into friendly, sometimes into hostile relations with one another.

"And now all at once, because two years ago a French squadron visited Cronstadt, and the officers of the squadron, going ashore, ate a great deal in various places, and drank many kinds of wine, listening to and uttering many foolish and lying words, and because in 1893 a similar Russian squadron ate and drank a great deal in Paris, listening to and uttering still more lying and foolish words as they did so, it has come to pass that not only these men who ate, drank, and talked, but also all those who were present on the occasion, and even all those who were not present but merely heard of it or read of it in the newspapers, all these millions of Russians and Frenchmen suddenly imagine that they love one another in a special way—that is that all Frenchmen love all Russians, and all Russians all Frenchmen."

And then we have descriptions of the excited demonstrations, with flag-waving, huzzas, and embracings, and banquets in which the various orators proclaim the eternal friendship and affection of the two great peoples, and how this friendship is destined to secure the peace of Europe. Patriotic sentiment in both countries rose to a delirium of passion, which gradually sucked in not merely neurotic and easily excited persons, but ordinary, stolid citizens. It became an epidemic insanity.

The nature of the lie might have been suspected by the circumstances of its propagation. Cronstadt and Toulon, the two great naval bases, the fraternization of the fleets, the cement of a naval—soon to be extended to a military—alliance, a few years later to draw in, by a secret, ever-tightening cord, our own nation—what could be the meaning of this patriotism, this sudden flood of affection for whilom enemies, except the substitution of

a common enmity? Tolstoy, anticipating the modern analysis of Suppressions, probes with insistency "the persistent repetition of the phrase, 'We do not want war, but want peace,' and the silence about what all are thinking of, that is the most menacing symptom." In identical language the Tsar and the President speak of "l'influence bienfaisante que peuvent exercer ensemble deux grandes nations dévouées à la cause de la paix." Amid the celebrations "only one incautious individual (immediately removed by the police) shouted what all were thinking: 'A bas l'Allemagne!'"

Remorselessly does Tolstoy describe the detailed art by which such popular demonstrations are worked up by Governments, the time-honored practice from ancient Babylon to modern India, the manufacture of external enthusiasm in the hope that the symbols may act by suggestion on the herd-mind, and then those who put it there will be able to lift admiring hands and say, "Look, this is a spontaneous expression of the will of a whole people."

Even more elaborate was the manufacture of this patriotism in Germany. Tolstoy well knew the pervasive and interacting nature of such patriotism, and unmasked its true purpose twenty years ahead. "In the name of patriotism the Russians have waged war on the French, and the French on the Russians. And in the name, too, of patriotism the Russians are now preparing with the French to make war on the Germans, and in the name of patriotism the Germans are preparing now to wage war on two fronts."

"Patriotism was necessary to unite different nationalities into one State and to make States strong for defence against barbarians, but since the light of Christianity has inwardly transformed all these States alike, giving them the same fundamental principles, patriotism has become, not merely superfluous, but the one obstacle to that unity between nations for which they are prepared by their Christian faith."

Tolstoy dwells less upon the wickedness of a sundering and warring patriotism than upon the falsehood it contains. Ordinary, decent men do not really wish to kill unknown men of other nations in order either to get land or other gains from them, or to assert the superiority of their own country. The absurdity of everyone thinking his own country intrinsically better than any other country, the crudest form of ego-mania, underlies all Tolstoy's criticism. He does not believe that men actually think this. He is sure that neither this supposed attachment to their own country, as a whole, of which they know so little, nor their animosity against another country of which they know next to nothing, could lead any people into war, if certain rulers and masters had not the cunning to work upon the primitive herd-passion.

If Tolstoy errs, it is because he ascribes to Western Christianity a degree of sincerity it has never actually achieved. In this country, and probably in others, the official exponents of Christianity will probably continue to dodge Tolstoy's challenge by saying that patriotism signifies love of one's country and not hostility to other countries, except for purposes of legitimate self-defence. For if they really were to unmask the delusion from which they suffer, they might feel constrained to reform not only international relations, but national society, upon a basis of Christianity, and that would involve structural changes greater than they care to contemplate. On the whole, then, it is likely that our Churches will continue to plead that Christ did not mean his sayings to be taken literally, that if he had been living now on earth he would have edited them for modern use, and that in any case precepts fitted for the rules of personal conduct have no relevancy to affairs of State.

Communications.

SOME POLITICAL TENDENCIES IN FRANCE.

To the Editor of *THE NATION & THE ATHENÆUM*.

SIR,—The indications which were recently apparent, to the effect that the Poincaré bite would be a good deal less dangerous than the bark, have since multiplied in many quarters. M. Poincaré, if he is not a pliable, is at least a practical man. He knows that circumstances will inevitably carry him along a line of policy not so very different from that of M. Briand. It remains for him to make it look different, and to safeguard the professional interests of the military party whose representative he is.

It is a task which will require a good deal of ingenuity. The main difficulty is that the Chamber, which was elected in November, 1919, on a panic cry of the Bolshevik peril, was more reactionary than the country even then, and is far more reactionary than the country now. Yet it has nearly another two years to live, and it can only be dissolved before its term by the President of the Republic, under very exceptional circumstances, of which the mere fall of a Ministry is not one: and M. Millerand is not likely to dissolve it for another which would surely suit him far less. So it must be humored. M. Briand, really liberal in sympathy, had to pretend to be reactionary, and suffered the disadvantage of appearing to yield to foreign pressure when he took a decision which was liberal in spirit. M. Poincaré, reactionary in sympathy, will yield, if not to foreign pressure, at least to the general course of European affairs and a little to public opinion in France, and will have to wrap up his liberal decisions to make them look imperialist.

Acting on this basis, M. Poincaré has no intention of breaking with England. In default of the military alliance he will accept the best he can get. The military caste will force him to stand out for a prolonged occupation of the Rhine, but he will come to terms about Reparations. Most important of all, he will find a way, not only of going to Genoa—or sending M. Viviani, who is the latest name mentioned—but of negotiating with Soviet Russia.

The last is the most difficult move, and the way has been carefully laid for it in the newspapers of the past few days. The interview with Radek and the suggestion that Berlin was in terror lest France should dish Germany and England by making a profitable separate arrangement with Russia was the beginning. It was to prepare opinion with the idea of a successful *coup*. Then we have the surprising article in which the "Temps" tells its readers that, after all, Bolshevism as a doctrine is dead, that the Allies cannot reduce the Red army, and that, in fact, France would do well to come to an arrangement with a country whose national interests nowhere conflict with her own. This is a step further, but it is a step, not really in the direction of a separate arrangement, but merely in that of meeting the Soviets at Genoa.

M. Poincaré's explanation to the Senate's Commission on Foreign Affairs gives an interesting clue to the line which will be taken. The president of the Commission is M. Gaston Doumergue, and his election to this office, as well as that of M. Henry Bérenger as Reporter-General of the Finance Commission, is an interesting example of the way in which the advent of the Poincaré Government has produced a combination of forces among the parties of the Left that may have further results than the success of these two democrats in a reactionary Senate. It is the democratic "Ere Nouvelle," in its account of the meeting of the Commission, which lets the Poincaré cat out of the bag, in which the official summary had carefully enclosed it. The League of Nations is to be played against the Genoa Conference. This sudden affection of the Right for the League is explained, not by any conversion to its principles, but by the fact, as pointed out by M. Poincaré, that here France can command a majority, which, "if not permanent,

at least gives her a great security. We must therefore oppose certain English efforts to swamp it."

Meanwhile, there are two currents running in French politics which are worth watching. First, there is the Tardieu group, which rallies Mandel, Ignace, Isaac, and the Clemenceau Old Guard. Tardieu, still insisting on the literal observance of the Versailles Treaty, is no more democratic than Poincaré. But he represents the industrial magnates rather than the military. He still hopes to get money from Germany, or perhaps to bring off some combination by which America will finance the German payments. He will oppose the Poincaré Government, and it is on a refusal to agree to any concession with regard to these payments that his opposition will be based. He may bring down Poincaré and himself lead the next Ministry; but if he does, it will probably be on another question, a question of internal politics. He is already carrying on a vigorous campaign in his new paper, the "Echo National," against the Government's proposal to save the Banque Industrielle de Chine from complete disaster. This financial crash has already brought about the resignation of M. Philippe Berthelot, the chief permanent official of the Quai d'Orsay, whose brother is chairman of the bank: and M. Philippe Berthelot was believed by the Right to have advocated, in foreign affairs, a policy of conciliation which, if not pro-German, was at least pro-English. The whole matter is now being worked up into a first-class politico-financial scandal.

The other current is the really democratic movement, whose strength in the country is out of all proportion to its weakness in the Chamber. As far as it is a Labor movement, it is concerned, first of all, to defeat a proposal, partly inspired by the Tardieu group, to repeal the Eight Hours Act, which was only passed in 1919. It has also taken a strong position on Reparations. On this question it has followed two lines of attack. On the one hand, it has always advocated the acceptance of the German proposal actually to rebuild the devastated regions, to supply not only the materials, but the labor: that is to say, to accept reparation in the form which Germany can pay, instead of trying to exact cash, which she cannot. It maintains that this proposal has been persistently stifled by the capitalists of the iron and building and timber interests in France, who hope to get large profits out of the reparation contracts, to be paid for in German money. On the other hand, it has protested against the actual administration of the Ministère des Régions Libérées, as inspired by M. Loucheur. Although M. Loucheur has long been in favor of the acceptance of a certain proportion of the reparations in kind, he is no less in sympathy with the industrial magnates than the other group; and the charge against him, which was vigorously pressed by the Socialist deputy Inghels in the Chamber recently, is that manufacturers and other large owners have been grossly favored in the matter of reconstruction, to the detriment of the small man, who still has no house to live in.—Yours, &c.,

PHILIP CARR.

Paris.

Letters to the Editor.

CAPITALIST COLLECTIVISM.

SIR,—May I again claim your indulgence for a further reply to "Your Contributor"? The issues raised by him seem to me of considerable importance at the present time—that is my apology.

"Your Contributor" still maintains that our productive capacity has increased as a result of the conditions arising out of the war. But he offers no proof of this, except a casual reference to "new and up-to-date factories," which might quite likely have been installed in the ordinary course of normal progress. My claim in your issue of February 11th was that any gain in this respect was more

than balanced by other factors, and that our economic position is worse than in 1914, since the war was financed at the expense of deterioration of durable capital, selling of foreign investments, diversion of current savings to war purposes, indebtedness to the U.S.A., and at the expense of the disorganization and maladjustment of the national and international economic "division of labor." This appears to me to be the chief cause of the present trade depression. To point to the greater productivity of *one* industry (army blankets) as evidence of the greater productivity of *all* industry is no argument at all, especially as this industry was stimulated more than the average by an abnormal increase of demand during the war. It is the opinion of such authorities as Professor Pigou, Mr. Keynes, Dr. Bowley, Mr. Lavington, Mr. McKenna, that this country's productive capacity is less than before the war; Mr. McKenna estimates it at 80 per cent. If "Your Contributor" wishes to base his case on the converse assumption, the onus of proof is, surely, on him.

If the evil of the present is due to economic maladjustment between the parts of the economic machine, it will be intensified by any further inflation. And however much "Your Contributor" may *desire* a "steady price-level," I fail to see how in fact this is likely to be attained if the world capital Trust is to make one of its chief principles to "create fresh purchasing power" merely on the basis of its stocks of raw material. Such inflation, too, would be essentially to the interest of the Trust, since in its function of carrying goods through time it would reap all the benefit of rising prices.

The reason why I think this world capitalist Trust would intensify the conflict of powerful economic interests—a conflict at the basis of modern Imperialism—is that of necessity it could be no more than the grouping of *some* interests. The Trust, on the contrary to representing all capitalist interests, would probably be dominated by a particular group of banks. A grouping of forces in opposition to this partial grouping would almost certainly follow. As long as the basis of an international relationship is capitalist and competitive—as it would be unless there were *complete* amalgamation of interests, which would appear to me at present impossible—I believe the co-operation would be rather nominal than real, at any rate merely temporary. It would, I believe, merely conceal for a time the underlying rivalry for power; just as did the various agreements between opposing Powers in the thirty years of Imperialism prior to 1914. As long as the basis remains the same, surface patchwork will avail little.

At any rate, such a Capitalist Collectivism would certainly intensify the problem of class, which, as expressed in industrial and social unrest and discontent, is the most important problem the world over to-day; and this "Your Contributor" does not deny. A union of the economic power of capitalism would render political democracy more of a mere shadow than it is to-day. It would certainly intensify the psychology of revolt among the world proletariat. My contention is, therefore, that not until some step is taken to cut at the roots of capitalist class control of industry, and hence liquidate capitalist control over the State and society with its psychological product, class conflict, can the social and political influences which are preventing economic readjustment be overcome. Since, I think, it is clear that economic power largely controls political power, this consolidation of capitalist economic power would render its ultimate control through political power almost impossible. Once create your monster, and it will grow to control you. Such a plan would indeed be "a half-way house"—to Belloc's Servile State!

On this point Mr. Egerton Swann offers, under the ægis of Major Douglas, an original version of Inflationism. He desires to have "steady inflation" to encourage productive expansion, and at the same time, through regulation of prices, to ensure a *régime* of "steadily and continuously falling prices." I have heard of and seen inflation of purchasing power (money) and rising prices. I have heard of falling prices through deflation of purchasing power. But *inflation of purchasing power and deflation of prices together!* Mr. Egerton Swann seems to neglect the fact that price is not an objective entity by itself, but is merely a quantitative

relation between money and goods. To inflate credit, and hence place more purchasing power in the hands of consumers, and at the same time to reduce price, is an impossibility. Mr. Egerton Swann cannot have it both ways. He must either court the fast, gay, reckless sister of Inflation; or else court the shy, cautious, and somewhat lugubrious sister of Deflation. Or else let him join me in the wiser course of courting neither sister.—Yours, &c.,

MAURICE H. DOBB.

Pembroke College, Cambridge.

THE DEPORTATION OF ZAGHLOUL PASHA.

SIR,—Mr. Harmsworth stated the week before last in the House of Commons that on the prohibition of a mass meeting in Egypt, to take place on December 3rd, Zaghloul Pasha issued an "inflammatory appeal" to the Egyptians. It was this "inflammatory appeal" that led to his arrest and deportation.

In order that your readers may judge of the fairness of this charge, I venture to supply you with a literal translation of the appeal:—

"You are now united in your opinions and your desires. You have unanimously determined to advance with fortitude to your common goal. You have condemned things calculated to divert you from your rightful claims, such as Lord Curzon's project and Lord Allenby's note to the Sultan. I invited you to attend a national meeting on Friday next to discuss the present situation and to decide the best methods for us to follow in order to reach that goal. But the military authorities did not wish to see you united at that meeting, and have therefore prohibited on the pretext of the maintenance of public order, just as if your unity would disturb it. I have therefore no alternative, in the face of this *force majeure*, but to tell you that this meeting will not be held.

"This prohibition is the beginning of a new policy which the English propose to adopt in order to subdue us to their will, a policy of suppressing liberty, a policy of absolute tyranny. I think I express your views when I say that we welcome this policy and that we are ready to meet it with stout hearts and firm determination.

"It seems as if God has afflicted us with it in order to strengthen our faith and unity and in order to make us redouble our efforts. The more severe it is, the stouter our hearts become. It is like the plough which by cutting deeper into the earth causes the better crops to grow."

Yours, &c.,

B. N. LANGDON-DAVIES.

[In Mr. Middleton Murry's review last week, p. 798, col. 2, line 10 from foot, for "a cooling carol" read *a cooling card*.]

[We are compelled to hold over several letters.—ED., THE NATION AND THE ATHENÆUM.]

Poetry.

JACK AT SEA.

SAILOR JACK has gone to sleep;
Sucking mouth and staring eye
Round his bed go stealing by;
Pale fronds wave their tracery.

Sailor Jack his wage has got;
Blowsy Meg and hungry Sal
Wait his roaring carnival;
Dim and silent is his hall.

Sailor Jack has ta'en his leave;
Eight bells ring above his ear,
Through the shrouds the wind pipes clear;
Oath nor chanty can he hear.

Sailor Jack comes home no more;
Plunging bows and crested sea,
Anchor dropped and harboring lee,
Live not in his memory.

The Week in the City.

(BY OUR CITY EDITOR.)

THURSDAY.

A HALT has been called in the feverish upward movement in the stock markets, and the reaction that set in at the end of last week in the gilt-edged and home railway departments, though slight, is a healthy sign. The pace has recently been far too rapid, and there can be no doubt that the speculative element introduced into the Consol market is very much out of place. So long as the advance in quotations was the result of genuine investment buying, no complaints could be made, and although the recent abrupt rise in Government securities can be partly ascribed to a scarcity of stock, some of it was, without doubt, due to the presence of buyers who came in towards the end in the hope of benefiting from the euphemistically termed "capital appreciation" (not subject to income tax) which others were enjoying. As a rule, "quick profits" are not obtainable in the gilt-edged market, and rightly so, and this week's slight relapse is all to the good. But with the reduction in bankers' deposit rate to 2½ per cent. a large amount of money must have been driven to seek more remunerative employment, and it will continue to seek an outlet until such time as revival in trade calls for its diversion to industrial channels. The remarkable change in price of gilt-edged stocks in the past month is strikingly depicted in the monthly valuation figures compiled by the "Bankers' Magazine," a new series of which was started last month to include war securities of the British Government. In the 387 securities there was an appreciation in market value of no less than 3.6 per cent., while in ninety-four fixed-interest stocks alone there was an appreciation of 4.7 per cent., ten British and Indian funds being up by 5.3 per cent. Twenty-eight home railway ordinary stocks, it may be mentioned, went up by no less than 9.8 per cent.

The money market has again experienced a week of ease, accentuated by the distribution on Wednesday of some £19 millions in dividends on Victory and National War Bonds. The revenue statement showed that, as usual at this time of the year, heavy amounts for Income Tax are coming in to the Exchequer, the week's quota being £18½ millions. A further reduction of £20 millions was made in the floating debt. The City inclines more and more to the belief that taxation will be reduced in the forthcoming Budget, but the Government's whittling down of the Geddes "cuts," announced last night in the House by the Chancellor, hardly seems to improve the chances.

NEW ISSUES.

This week the lull in the Stock Exchange has been accompanied by a fresh outburst of activity in the new issue market. On Monday, the Belfast Loan for £1,000,000 and an issue of £750,000 in Cumulative Preference shares by Peter Robinson were both promptly over-subscribed. On the next day the Paris-Lyon-Méditerranée Railway offered £5,000,000 in 6 per cent. Sterling Bonds at 86, an attractive and well-secured issue, and this was also very eagerly taken up, the lists being closed at five minutes past ten in the morning. Several important loans, some of them by foreign borrowers, are said to be in the offing, and a number of large industrial issues are known to be on the way. Now that new issues of a sound character are meeting with so good a reception the large output of prospectuses need cause little surprise, for, after all, statistics show that the arrears of new capital, as a result of the restrictions in force during the war period, have by no means been overtaken. Although many big loans by foreign Governments have recently been issued in America, the fears, frequently expressed, that New York has taken all our business in this direction still lack confirmation. On the other hand, it is rumored that Canada is shortly to raise 100 million dollars in the New York money market, and further impending foreign loans there are spoken of.

THE CITY EQUITABLE.

The strongly worded statement of the Official Receiver on the affairs of the City Equitable Fire Insurance Company

confirms the opinion generally held in the City ever since the Company's collapse that this was due to exceptional causes and to the actions of its chairman, rather than to any weakness in the British insurance position. The statement referred to says that the investigation, so far as it has gone, reveals that the immediate cause of the Company's difficulties has been "the highly speculative financial dealings entered into by the Company, largely by the act and under the direction of its chairman." The statement goes on to say that the balance sheet as at February 28th, 1921, "did not disclose the true position of the Company's affairs at that date," and also that "many of the investments of the Company are such as are wholly unsuited to the business conducted by an insurance company." These are very serious charges, especially when it is recalled that at last year's annual meeting the chairman laid special stress upon the strength of the Company's position. The collapse of the City Equitable Fire was followed by the suspension of Messrs. Ellis & Co., an old-established firm of stock-brokers, but apart from the winding-up of one or two smaller insurance concerns connected with the City Equitable the extent of the disaster has been limited to a narrower circle than was at one time feared. The stability and prestige of the British insurance world, it may confidently be anticipated, will remain unimpaired, but at the same time opinion in the City is strongly in favor of the fullest inquiry into the case.

THREE IMPORTANT REPORTS.

The annual reports of three large companies have been issued this week. The first, that of Courtaulds Ltd., the silk and artificial silk manufacturers, refers to the year ended December 31st last, and shows surprisingly good results in view of the general industrial depression. Profits at £1,684,600 compare with £1,804,800 for the year 1920, but the balance brought into the accounts was larger than in the previous year, and the amount available for distribution was £2,068,500, as against £2,033,900. A dividend of 11¼ per cent. is distributed, free of tax, on the ordinary shares, and absorbs £1,350,000, while £300,000 is reserved and £418,500 carried forward. A year ago, £1,450,000 was distributed as dividend, but this represented a considerably higher rate, for in 1920 £8,000,000 was added to the capital by the capitalization of a special reserve. For some months past, says the report, the plant has been working full time. This makes pleasant reading in these days. It may be recalled that the Company has more than once made large issues of bonus shares, and the paid-up capital now stands at £12,000,000. It has large holdings in the Viscose Company of America, whose factories are said to be fully engaged, though how much of the £13¼ millions shown under investments consists of its interests in the American company it is impossible to say. The Company has saddled itself with a very large capital, but seems to have fared better in the trade depression than many other concerns which adopted similar tactics.

The second report is that of Borax Ltd., for the year ended September 30th last. Profits fell from £476,600 to £379,000. Reserve appropriations of £25,000, as against £35,000, are made, and the ordinary dividend is reduced from 15 to 12½ per cent. The fall in profits is attributed to the condition of trade, but the directors speak of "indications of a somewhat better demand." I have already given the preliminary figures of Harrods, whose net profits for the year ended January 31st fell from £532,500 to £196,100, the dividend being reduced from 17½ to 5 per cent. The balance sheet issued this week, however, shows a stronger and more liquid position than might have been expected. A bank loan for £584,400 has disappeared, stock-in-trade has been reduced by £500,000, and cash is £265,000 higher, and leaseholds have been largely replaced by freeholds by the purchase of the Brompton Road property.

L. J. R.



THE ATHENÆUM

No. 4792.

SATURDAY, MARCH 4, 1922.



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The World of Books.

MR. SAINTSBURY is a lonely and yet highly adaptable figure in modern literature. His only rival as a Master of the Ceremonies in the Pump Room of Letters has passed to a fuller enjoyment of the wise pleasures of intercourse, and even Bullen did not distil all literature from his ink to the extent that our Saintsbury does. His learning in letters is only comparable with that of the seventeenth-century heavyweights in religion and scholarship; but he is a modern in his wonderful power of carrying his wine, where the ancients would be under the table. At least, our liquor does not go to our heads, and the fact that adulteration and abstemiousness may be the reason does not affect the matter. Mr. Saintsbury makes a molehill of a mountain; his faculty for absorbing whole worlds of literature makes us think of him as a Gulliver in Lilliput, but he is as light and nimble in his use of it as the little folk dancing over the giant's body.

CRITICISM of "A Letter Book" (Bell, 6s.), therefore, is beside the mark. Mr. Saintsbury surveys the whole of letter-writing from protoplasm upwards, and his examples are so choice (thirty-five English letter-writers from the fourteenth-century Pastonians to the twentieth century, and seldom more than one letter from each), that the reader with views might be expected to snatch a golden chance of triumphing with: "Where are Cobbett, Fanny Burney, Pope, Sam Johnson, the Verney Letters, Lady Duferin, Mrs. Norton, &c.?" Of the contents as they are he might wish some away—Mrs. Browning, plodding, mawkish, and even a trifle vulgar, for instance. He might feel the panegyric of Chesterfield rather too robust, even in the act of succumbing to that elegant pedagogue's matchless ease of expression. But these marginal comments can only be made in the mistaken impression that "A Letter Book" is an anthology. It is no more than Blake's grain of sand is an anthology of Heaven. The whole art of letter-writing is in the book, just as all English literature (not to speak of French) seems to have got into Mr. Saintsbury's system, and it is perfectly appropriate that what with discursive annotation, model introductions upon the individual quality of each writer, and an essay on how good letters should be and have been written, there is as much shepherd in the book as his flock. The letters, that is to say, do not stand by themselves, but as commentary and illustration in the metaphysic of letter-writing.

THE fount and origin, the Alpha and Omega of all good letter-writing is personality. Mr. Saintsbury has,

among others, two excellent terms as epistolary tests—"naturalness" and "whole-heartedness," which is saying the same thing in a different way. Letters are an offhand way of unsealing a man's or woman's whole heart and nature (women write the best letters, says Mr. Saintsbury) as other forms of art by their very nature cannot. If Wordsworth wrote dull letters, it must have been because, at bottom, he was a dull man. Keats's boyishness, Landor's aloofness, Shelley's radiant, intellectual beauty, Pope's invalid tortuousness, the queer unlikeableness of Gray (he "spoke out" himself to such purpose in his letters that we know we are right to be slightly repelled by him), Scott's foursquareness, Swift's tragic playfulness, as revealed in their letters, are the *γνώθη σεαυτόν* of essential character, and the Celestial Recorder could not be better employed upon his Doomsday Book than in transcribing all the letters of the letter-writers he could get hold of. If Cowper, who fashioned epistolary masterpieces out of nothing, is (next to Lamb) the greatest of all letter-writers, it was largely because of his intense self-centredness. In one letter, not given in the book, he speaks of rising in the morning "like an infernal frog out of Acheron, covered with the ooze and mud of melancholy," which seems to answer the question Mr. Saintsbury supposes a reader to ask, "How on earth did it happen that the writer of these letters ever went mad?"

LETTERS, again, are a halfway house between talk and public literature. Conversation can rarely be an index to personality, because, being extempore and almost necessarily full of holes, it is unable to contain personality, as letter-writing, borrowing from the directly literary art, can and does. The more delicate the poise between the two, subject to the particular method of the writer, the finer the letter. Lamb's letters are the most consummate art, but, as Mr. Saintsbury says, they run "as naturally as a child's babble," for all the bookishness and fantasticalness. Like Blake's babble, one is inclined to add, so purely are they written for delight. But not for publication; and here, indeed, is a stern taboo for the good letter-writer. Mrs. Browning (with considerable artifice) seems to be addressing a meeting to the tune of "See how superiorly I love Robert. We are the ideal of married life." One of the tests of a good letter should surely be its accommodation to the person written to, and to include the public in the address is, to say the least, a breach of manners to the recipient. To bear publicity it must be private, and when a letter becomes an epistle it ceases to be a letter.

I AGREE with Mr. Saintsbury that love-letters, until time has distanced their poignancy and occasion, ought never to be published. Even poor, far-away Otway's agonized letters to Mrs. Barry make one feel a Peeping Tom. But it cannot be denied that these are some of the best and most interesting letters written. They may lack variety and catholicity, but they may also unwrap the soul of their writers, as the whole of their published works may fail to do. *In vino veritas*. Whereupon we reach another qualification of a good letter, for want of space to reflect upon others—its need of sheer expressiveness, as more formal literature may or may not require it. And all these things hinge upon personality.

H. J. M.

Reviews.

SAINT-ÉVREMOND.

Saint-Evremond: Critique Littéraire. Introduction et Notes de MAURICE WILMOTTE. Collection des Chefs-d'œuvre méconnus. (Paris: Bossard. 12 fr.)

IT was a happy idea of the editor of these beautiful reprints of the less-known French classics to have collected into a single volume those of St.-Evremond's letters in which he gives his literary opinions. They make a short, but a substantial, book; they confirm in a rather unexpected and wholly delightful way the impression one never fails to receive from an unsystematic reading of his correspondence. St.-Evremond is a peculiarly attractive man. He is the social animal at the highest point of perfection, a very embodiment of the golden mean, *totus teres atque rotundus*; neither harsh nor weak, neither opinionated nor variable, a man who studied how to take a difficult life easily and to withstand the assaults of age. He did; like a good wine he matured well, and to the very end of his ninety years there remained something sweetly tonic in his smiling acquiescence in the vicissitudes of existence.

Perhaps it is too much for England to claim a share in the formation of this charming spirit. He was formed before he came to us. But we may take pride in the fact that he was ours by adoption, and loved us so well that when after many years he had the chance of returning from exile to France, he preferred to remain in England. We had the good sense to bury him in Westminster Abbey. And besides the national pride we may reasonably take in him, he has the added attractiveness of having been until his death the loyal and beloved friend of the great enchantress of Europe, Ninon de l'Enclos. The few authentic letters of Ninon that remain were written to St.-Evremond, and when we read the one in which she says that she can dream of no greater remaining happiness in life than that they should pass the rest of it quietly together, we hardly know to whom it is the finer compliment. It was, at any rate, a perfect plan; they would have been very happy with one another. St.-Evremond was the man who best appreciated the fine points of Ninon's character, and she knew that there was no man whose appreciation meant more than his. St.-Evremond and Ninon! They died at the same age, at ninety, she two years after him. Their fitness to each other is almost romantic, but romantic only in its perfection; those two had very few illusions, but they had made the most of life.

They were, indeed, a Pagan pair, and the beauty of their separate lives and of their common friendship is one that the Puritan must shake his head over; but he cannot wag the beauty out of existence. It was there; we can succumb to its enchantment to-day. And St.-Evremond is its philosopher. If one thinks easily of Ninon as the modern Aspasia (or, as St.-Evremond himself called her, "la moderne Leontium"), it is just as easy to conceive of him as a wise and cynical Greek. Not a Pericles, indeed, but some older and steadier friend of Alcibiades, who has learned by experience the virtues of a self-restraint which never stiffens into austerity. Nothing too much; there was nothing too much in St.-Evremond. He used the pleasures of the body and the mind only so that he might more abundantly enjoy them hereafter; he was an authentic specimen of that very rare bird, the enlightened hedonist, and one of the deepest and most lasting pleasures he found was that of talking to and observing his fellow men. It was, of course, still better if these men were women:—

"Quelque plaisir que je prenne à la lecture, celui de la conversation me sera toujours le plus sensible. Le commerce des femmes me fournirait le plus doux, si l'agrément qu'on trouve à en voir d'aimables, ne laissait la peine de se défendre de les aimer: je souffre néanmoins rarement cette violence."

The little essay on "Conversation," of which these are the opening lines, contains more exquisite good sense about women in a couple of pages than all the volumes that have since been written on that perennial subject. St.-Evremond,

true to his nature, is not content to generalize, though his generalization is admirable:—

"Le premier mérite, auprès des dames, c'est aimer; le second est d'entrer dans la confidence de leurs inclinations; le troisième, de faire valoir ingénieusement tout ce qu'elles ont d'aimable. . . . Ou faites-vous aimer, ou flattez-les sur ce qu'elles aiment, ou faites-leur trouver en elles de quoi s'aimer mieux; car enfin, il leur faut de l'amour, de quelque nature qu'il puisse être; leur cœur n'est jamais vide de cette passion. Aidez un pauvre cœur à en faire quelque usage."

But there are exceptions: women who without love are as loyal as the loyalist man; women whose discretion and intelligence are equal to their charm and beauty. They are prodigies, but they exist; they exist, but they are prodigies.

It may be said that this essay is hardly literary criticism. Perhaps not; but it is of a piece with St.-Evremond's literary criticism, and M. Wilmotte has done wisely in including it. St.-Evremond, though he cannot make head or tail of Aristotle's "catharsis," and shrewdly doubts whether anyone else can, is nevertheless Aristotelian through and through. Art for art's sake means nothing to him; art is an imitation of life, and to judge art you must be capable of judging life. What is true in life is good to be represented by art; but to pass judgment on the representation you must be capable of distinguishing between the reality and the appearance in life. Now the man in whom the reality and the appearance most closely approximate in life is the *honnête homme*—surely, the Aristotelian *ἐπικρίσις*—who does not exaggerate or falsify his sentiments, disciplines his own emotions, and is rational because he does not give way to feeling or enthusiasm. Thus, quite simply, and almost without seeming conscious of what he is doing, St.-Evremond propounds a moral ideal for literature. But the semblance and the reality of unconsciousness are two different things. St.-Evremond insinuates rather than declares his standards, not because he is ignorant of what he is doing, but because that is the correct way to do it. To insist upon one's aversion from insistence, emphatically to deplore emphasis, is to be ridiculous; to show oneself lacking in the good taste one demands. St.-Evremond not only admired the gentleman, but he was one.

It is this, rather than the practice of conversation, I think, which gives to his literary letters and essays the easy charm of delightful talk. There is a tacit appeal to common principles that are taken for granted; we are enveloped in a persuasive atmosphere, and respond to the delightful suggestion of "You and I, now, as sensible beings." And so we listen to this thoroughgoing rationalist without any of the hostility we feel towards his less suave successors—St.-Evremond was a true precursor of the eighteenth century—while he puts forward his deceptively simple propositions. "Mais quel art ou quelle science peut avoir un droit pour l'exclusion du bon sens?" Of course, it depends on what you mean by good sense. St.-Evremond, at least, knows what he means by it. Art is not, for him, an independent kingdom, or a separate and distinct method of attaining illumination; it is, on the contrary, a delightful presentation of what the intellect recognizes to be true. There is, he is willing to admit, a beauty which seems to disdain any such association with the reason; but by that very fact it is of an inferior kind. Consider, for instance, the implications of his admirable sentence upon Tacitus, whom he judges the inferior of Sallust:—

"Rien n'est plus beau que ce qu'il représente. Souvent ce n'est pas la chose qui doit être représentée; quelquefois il passe au-delà des affaires, par trop de pénétration et de profondeur; quelquefois des spéculations trop fines nous débordent les vrais objets pour mettre en leur place de belles idées."

"The thing that ought to be represented." The crux of the matter is there. St.-Evremond is asking for a true verisimilitude.

If we were to press him to explain what he meant, he would ultimately take his stand on the fact that man is a social animal, and he would contend that a work of literature is to be judged by its success in rendering the character of man in society. The romantic, egomaniac poet who sees the world in terms of his own dream is—a monster. St.-Evre-

mond is naturally very polite about it, but he leaves us in no doubt of his view:—

"La poésie demande un génie particulier, qui ne s'accomode pas trop avec le bon sens. Tantôt, c'est le langage des dieux, tantôt c'est le langage des fous; rarement celui d'un honnête homme."

St.-Evremond has really no more use for gods than he has for madness; it would never occur to him that to call a poet divine could be meant for a compliment. Not that he altogether dismissed poetry, like Samuel Butler; he was perfectly willing to allow for the accident of the verse form: but he demanded from poetry the same psychological truth that he asked from the historian or the novelist. For this, though he admired them both, he preferred Homer to Virgil, as few men did in his day; for this he championed Corneille when the hero of French tragedy had fallen upon evil days; for this he adored Petronius; and because of this he really felt that the best kind of poetry was that employed in making comedies:—

"De tous les poètes, ceux qui font les comédies devraient être les plus propres pour le commerce du monde; car ils s'attachent à dépendre naïvement tout ce qui s'y fait, et à bien exprimer les sentiments et les passions des hommes."

With St.-Evremond that which is best fitted for the commerce of the world is the best absolutely. The literature that does not fulfil its social function is divine, or mad, or merely tedious; it can give small pleasure to the *honnête homme*.

J. MIDDLETON MURRY.

THE ACTORS OF VERSAILLES.

The Big Four and Others of the Peace Conference. By ROBERT LANSING. (Hutchinson. 8s. 6d.)

THE work of appraising the Treaty of Versailles proceeds so rapidly and concentrates such a mass of critical energy (nearly all destructive) as to create a new fact in Europe. In deed the Treaty lives; morally and intellectually it is dead. Mr. Lansing's commentary is a minor one; like Sir William Orpen's picture, it is a study of futility. Its effect is to show four ill-assorted minds laboring, one with deliberation, the other three half-consciously, to an end fully conceivable by an intelligence which none of them possessed. In the region of exclusive and vindictive nationalism in which he abode, M. Clemenceau knew what he wanted and got it. Mr. George and Signor Orlando got the small things they coveted, and missed, or never imagined, the rest. Mr. Wilson got the shadow and lost the substance. That is the story. Mr. Lansing tells it partly as an impressionist observer, partly as a disappointed and foreboding actor. As historical material his narrative ranks as an elaborate foot-note to Mr. Keynes's economic analysis and Signor Nitti's anti-French polemic. As literature its merit lies in its directness and clarity. Mr. Lansing saw these men reaping most of the crop of European industry and hope that the war had left standing. And he was specially qualified to note that only one of them ever thought of dropping a constructive idea into the desolated soil.

Clemenceau was the arch-destroyer. Mr. Lansing credits him with the forethought of the great manager, equally at home with the dramatic purpose, the machinery of stage and theatre, and the personalities of the actors. Having schemed himself into the Presidency both of the Supreme War Council and the Council of Ten, he contrived to establish the things he most desired, which were the oligarchy of the Five Powers, with France at their head, and the direction, through the Secretariat, of the programme of the Conference. The remaining procedure was plain. The smaller Powers were bullied or ignored; that is to say, bullied in Conference, and ignored in the plan of rigid secrecy concocted by M. Clemenceau and Mr. George. The Treaty was, therefore, a dictated peace in the double sense that Germany was required to take it or leave it, and the smaller Powers, belligerents no less than neutrals, were treated as vassals, and their brief appearance in Council reduced to a farce. For the most part, Clemenceau's method was that of suavity. Mr. George and Mr. Wilson

were treated with consideration, and their temperaments skilfully considered and played on.* For minor opponents there was "a glimpse of the ferocity of 'The Tiger.'"

The turning point of the Conference was, in Mr. Lansing's opinion, the victory of the French idea that when once the Treaty of Might had been established, and secured on the hegemony of the Great Powers (practically of France), the League of Nations would do very well as its handmaid and lure. "Give me my Treaty, and you can have your League," was Clemenceau's attitude to the President. "Give me my Covenant, and the Treaty does not so much matter," was, in effect, the formula which finally covered the President's defeat. Mr. Lansing gives an unflattering, but not an unkind, picture of Mr. Wilson's unready generalship. The President came to Paris without even a sketch of the Treaty, and he neither prepared one himself nor encouraged his experts to instruct him. Working in pathetic isolation, he never seems to have cast an eye on the batteries which a subtle and highly trained bureaucracy opened out on his fortress in the air. All the fatal decisions he gave away. He was persuaded to take a seat at the table as a delegate, when he ought to have remained apart, the Executive Officer of the American nation. Even then he might have done better had he accepted the competent team-work that the American Commission offered him. But being mentally unfurnished, he had to leave the initiative to others. Nevertheless his grand error was a fault of generosity. He never realized, says Mr. Lansing, that "the aims of his foreign colleagues were essentially material." A sentence of the President, spoken to the writer of this article, yielded a different impression; but we imagine that the discovery came too late. Certainly the President, having seen the Treaty crystallize into an autocracy of ice, made no effort to thaw out the Covenant. Its parent was an American, not a European, democrat. In the hour when a dam might have been built up to stay the autocracy of the great Powers, Mr. Wilson allowed the League to start with a thoroughly undemocratic constitution.

Mr. Lansing plainly regards the moral battle of the Paris Conference as having been fought out between the American Ormuzd and the French Ahriman. Mr. Lloyd George's part he assigns to a lower spiritual order altogether. He was a minor Clemenceau, only "shifter." The American critic stresses his inconstancy ("it apparently was a trivial matter for him to change his mind once or twice on a proposed settlement") even less than the fact that his "national policies" were "essentially selfish and material," and that having "manœuvred" his British colonies and protectorates into the Treaty, and secured the destruction of the German Fleet and merchant marine, he cared vitally for nothing else. We imagine that this is an impatient reading of Mr. George's mentality. The Prime Minister "wished" everything at once. He wished politically for a good British Treaty, and sentimentally (as his memorandum of March, 1919, showed) for a good European one. But he knew not what he did. Europe was an unread book to him. There was a gap in his intelligence at the point where it should have been fixed on the fearful unravelling of her economic life and the dangers of her re-militarization under French leadership. But Mr. Lansing makes one damaging revelation. He insists on Mr. George's prime culpability for the "sacrifice of the principle of the equality of nations." There at all events the Welsh Nationalist need not have gone astray. His error was the fruit of his passion for secrecy. The British Minister, says Mr. Lansing, held the opinion that "the delegates of the lesser co-belligerent States, who had been excluded from all participation in the drafting of the document, ought not even to see the full text before the Germans saw it, and that all delegates, friends and foes alike, should simply be directed to 'sign here.'" "Expediency," comments Mr. Lansing, "controlled in a marked degree his actions." It turned this quick but unstable man into an executioner of his own special type of democracy.

* "With President Wilson he was, at least in the Council of Ten, politely deferential, but never subservient; with Mr. Lloyd George he showed his wit and sometimes his sarcasm; with the Italians he was cynical and caustic and not infrequently vehement; and with the Japanese, indifferent or patiently tolerant. He had read with remarkable keenness the temperament and the characteristics of each, and seemed to understand the best way to deal with each one."

Mr. Lansing writes good-humoredly of all his subjects—Mr. George's wit and sunny temper appealed to him—but with admiration of only three minor personalities in the Conference—General Botha, Emir Feisul, and M. Paderewski. Venizelos he regards as a nationalist politician, masked (to himself and others) as an idealist. His book of portraiture is in effect an album of the unfit. Of the four men who "did Europe in," one knew her not, but meant well by her. Of the others not one was an economist, able to divine where her need lay. And lacking either goodness or greatness, or both, they could not guess.

CO-OPERATION VERSUS CAPITALISM.

The Consumers' Co-operative Movement. By SIDNEY and BEATRICE WEBB. (Longmans. 18s.)

THOUGH Consumers' Co-operation has taken root and spread rapidly in many European countries, it ranks in origin and nature as a characteristically British product. Intensely practical and opportunist in its growth and working, narrowly local in its immediate appeal, it none the less carries as its inner moulding force ideals of economic change which are revolutionary. For it aims at removing from our economic system that incentive of business profit commonly regarded as the mainspring of industrial and commercial progress. It sounds a very innocent thing for little groups of neighbors to agree to club together in order to buy a stock of groceries, sell them to the members at ordinary shop prices, and distribute periodically as dividend on purchases the money which a shopkeeper would have kept for profit. But if this practice could grow until it covered the entire population, extended from groceries to all other sorts of goods and services, and included not only their distribution, but the various stages of their production, it is evident that what is known as the capitalist system would have disappeared. The consumer would have realized that complete supremacy with which the orthodox economists have always, though falsely, accredited him.

But though Consumers' Co-operation has made great and continuous advances, and no close limits can be put upon its further progress, it is not equally successful in all departments of business, or among all classes of the population, and if it is to perform its function in the most serviceable way it must come into effective union with other branches of the democratic movement.

In a little book published some thirty years ago, Mrs. Sidney Webb (then Miss Potter) marked out with equal perspicacity and industry the true lines of development for our co-operative movement, and the new volume which Mr. and Mrs. Webb have added to their pile attests the remarkable accuracy of the earlier analysis as expressed in a whole generation of added experience. The ordinary middle-class person has very little knowledge of a movement confined almost entirely to the wage-earning classes, quiet in its methods, and furnishing no copy to a Press which is so largely dependent on the advertising of the enemies of co-operative stores. It will, therefore, be news to most readers of *THE NATION* AND *THE ATHENÆUM* that the co-operative movement supplies to three-sevenths of the population of this country one-half of their foodstuffs and one-tenth of their other household purchases. There are 1,379 retail Societies, with a membership of 4½ million persons, possessing a capital of over £86 millions, and a sale per head of over £50.

The six massive chapters which comprise this volume are largely occupied in a detailed description and analysis of the meaning of such general figures, an elaborate picture of the actual place and prospects of British co-operation. But, as ever in their work, Mr. and Mrs. Webb do not allow principles to be swamped by detail. Their unique contribution to the history of our time consists in the skilful marshalling of facts under the guidance of evolutionary concepts. As they survey the various fields of co-operative action, they append a running commentary upon the causes of success or failure, and often offer useful hints for solving difficulties or opening out new lines of fruitful work. Indeed, to those engaged in the actual movement, as officials

or members, the discussions of the local and national organization, of the detailed opportunities of expansion, and the checking of waste and overlapping, will constitute perhaps the most profitable part of the survey.

But though the presentation of facts and figures is indispensable to the wider purpose, that purpose lies in marking out the precise place for Consumers' Co-operation in a general scheme of progressive society, and particularly in correlating it with Trade Unionism and Municipal and State Socialism. The secular conflict between Consumers' Co-operation and the self-governing workshop is by no means ended, though the triumph of the former may seem assured. For the "idea" underlying the producers' co-operation survives and even sprouts again in new schemes for profit-sharing and co-partnership, as in the larger designs of Syndicalism and Guild Socialism. Though it would be wrong to suggest that our writers have ignored or consciously disparaged any factor in the problem, we sometimes feel that too contemptuous a treatment is accorded to these producers' aspirations, and that the supremacy assigned to consumption is too unqualified. This supremacy appears to rest in part on an implicit assumption that all profit is normally got at the expense of the consumer, and that therefore the consumer *quid* consumer can expel it from the economic system. Producers' co-operation makes the opposite assumption, that profit is taken at the expense of the worker. How slowly and with how much difficulty Co-operative Stores and the Co-operative Wholesale Society have been got to recognize the fair and reasonable claims of their employees, and to admit them in some instances to a "voice" in control and representation on Managers' Committees, is told here in conscientious detail. It is, however, not easy to work out a theory or a practice of joint control in which the producers' interests shall be adequately safeguarded, while the ultimate supremacy in ownership, direction, and management is vested in the body of consumers and citizens.

Mr. and Mrs. Webb do not claim an illimitable scope for voluntary co-operation. On the one hand, certain common and essential services, which can only be safely and economically administered as monopolies, must be carried out by public authorities. On the other hand, whole fields of private enterprise will remain where individual skill, initiative, and risk-taking may find expression, and where profit may continue to act as an incentive. Of the great fundamental industries, agriculture alone, perhaps, will be distinguished by the amount of free profit-making enterprise it retains. The peasant will be the last great working class to be brought under the direct control of the social motive.

"But subject to this extensive and possibly increasing exception, there seems no reason in the nature of things why the various forms of Consumers' Co-operation should not, in due course, eventually provide, for practically the whole body of inhabitants, all household requisites and objects of common expenditure not supplied by the national or municipal industries and services."

Nor is this judgment to be qualified by consideration of the large dependence of this country upon foreign trade. For the last two decades have shown an immense development of consumers' co-operation in other lands. Even before the war the Co-operative Wholesale Societies of half-a-dozen countries had begun to organize an exchange of their surplus products in those articles for producing which they had special facilities. A much wider extension of this movement is now possible, and if a Co-operative Finance can be developed, so as to furnish reliable standards of exchange and methods of payment, the movement might make a most substantial contribution to internationalism.

No great economic organ of society can function independently of politics. The ill-treatment of co-operative societies by tribunals and taxing authorities during recent years has quickened their recognition of the value of political organization. Some enthusiasts have advocated the formation of a Co-operative Party, taking its place in the political field with other national parties. Our authors are opposed to such a plan.

"What the movement requires, at its centre, is not a new political party for all public affairs, with an all-embracing political programme ranging from China to Peru,

but a powerful political organ concentrating, on specifically co-operative affairs only, the weight and authority of the whole movement."

But recognizing that the real strength and vitality of the movement lie in the local societies, they suggest the formation in each society of a Political Section for the pursuit of co-operative politics, which might, if its members chose, become affiliated with the local Labor Party.

NITZSCHE.

Selected Letters of Friedrich Nietzsche. Edited by OSCAR LEVY. (Heinemann. 15s.)

WHEN you take a book out of a Public Library, the date is stamped on the fly-leaf. These fly-leaves are a most interesting study; they are barometers not only of public reading, but of public thought and of the fame of famous men. We have applied the Public Library fly-leaf test to three books of Nietzsche. They have been taken out of the Library fifty-six times in all. The first time that any of them was taken out was on November 14th, 1914, and the aggregate of yearly issues was as follows: 1914, eight; 1915, twenty-one; 1916, six; 1917, six; 1918, seven; 1919, one; 1920, two; 1921, five. These figures tell their own tale. Before the war Nietzsche was only known to a few people in this country as a name obscurely connected with the title of one of Mr. Bernard Shaw's plays. In 1914 and 1915, when we were all trying to find someone to blame for the war, Nietzsche took his place by the side of the Kaiser and Admiral Tirpitz and General Bernhardt as a father of Prussian militarism. By 1916 the war had begun to prove itself so unpleasant that we were thinking more about its end than its causes: the newspapers and war books now rarely mentioned either Nietzsche or Treitschke, and the number of Nietzsche's readers dropped suddenly. It is a safe prophecy that after another year or two the dust will gather undisturbed upon his books in Public Libraries.

It is, however, a good thing that Dr. Oscar Levy's selection of his letters should, before that time comes, have been published for English readers. Nietzsche was an artist, and you have only to give an artist a pen, a piece of paper, an envelope, and a postage stamp, and he will very soon strip himself psychologically naked. That is what Nietzsche does in his letters, and the present selection is sufficiently catholic to give the reader a considerable insight into his philosophy and psychology. An insight into Nietzsche is apt to be uncomfortable and painful to the observer. He is a tragic figure, but his tragedy and genius cannot hide something mean and unpleasant which was a part of both. The popular idea of him and his philosophy is, of course, mistaken, as Dr. Levy has no difficulty in showing from these letters. He had no sympathy with, indeed he hated, the sabre-rattling Germany which sprang from the Treaty of Frankfurt, the Germany "bristling hedgehog-like with arms." It produced, he said, only "water, rubbish, and filth." And Nietzsche had little or no effect in producing the militarist Germany which has now become the official scapegoat of all militarisms. He became permanently insane in 1889, and at that time, as this volume shows, he was very little read in Germany and was still anathema to all good, official Germans. But the seed of Prussian militarism which had its final flowering in November, 1918, was already a sturdy little plant in 1889.

Nietzsche was, in fact, only used as an *ex post facto* prophet of the political gospel of force. It is important to realize this, if one is to understand Nietzsche himself. To judge him fairly to-day as a thinker is difficult, but we shall probably not be far out if we say that his philosophy does not go very deep. The Dionysiac gospel of will, power, and supermen is the product of some sound reaction, but also of a good deal of muddled thinking, and the weakness of the prophet was multiplied seventy-fold in his disciples. Yet Nietzsche was undoubtedly a man and a writer of genius. It was a genius doomed to end tragically, and the process of its ruin can be traced clearly in these letters. Over and over again in them Nietzsche tells his correspondents that he does not want "success," that he does not want readers. He "wanders alone like a

rhinoceros"; he has a mission which involves the most tremendous psychological struggles, the most appalling loneliness. And yet nothing is more obvious than that he was craving for success and for readers. The anguish of his early failure in Germany can be heard "between the lines," and his bitterness against Germany was mainly due to the fact that she would not read him. This unsatisfied desire for success reacted upon his philosophy, partly created the mission upon which he was forced to brood in solitariness. You can watch in these letters this idea that he is misunderstood, that he must be misunderstood, that he has a mission to be misunderstood, that he has undertaken a task which no man in the world has ever undertaken, that he writes better German than any German has ever written, that he is the descendant of Polish counts, that "the foremost personages of the world express their loyalty to me" (including the Princess Tenicheff)—you can watch this idea, or ideas, growing into a complex of megalomania and ending in the final catastrophe of 1889.

PITCHER IN THE WILDERNESS.

Up Against It in Nigeria. By LANGA-LANGA. (Allen & Unwin. 18s.)

HAD there been with us at this hour the jovial pagan who gave the world "Pitcher in Paradise," "Gals' Gossip," and two or three other Anacreontic classics, we could almost have assumed, in skimming the zestful opening chapters of "Up Against It in Nigeria," that Langa-Langa might in the flesh be no less a person than Arthur M. Binstead, transported by some miracle from the orbit whose terminals were Romano's and the "Star and Garter" to the pastures watered by the lordly Niger. Some of these tales, and those not the least amusing of them, ought really to have been printed on pinker paper than the publishers appear to have had at their disposal. But "Pitcher" was never fatuous or jejune, nor ever offered us a bad joke and asked us to laugh at it, into all of which pitfalls his high-spirited disciple occasionally stumbles. "H.'s repartee was inimitable. . . . Of a morning, if he did not feel in the best of health, he would say, with a groan: 'In me you see the ruins of a once handsome man.'"

Langa-Langa, however, is so candid with us in his preface (why do all Government officials make such a parade of forswearing the "literary virtues" in their books?) as practically to disarm criticism, which can only venture on a feeble remonstrance when now and then, possibly in a fit of absent-mindedness attributable to the 21,000 grains of quinine he has assimilated in the last decade, he drops into the heaven-born manner. "Personally" he has found "tin-openers" (engineers and other mining folk) quite easy people to avoid having a row with; in fact, a kindred affection for "Ruff's Guide" and a bottle of "the boy" in season often cemented an acquaintance with one of the great uncovenanted which blossomed later into boon companionship. Yet pride peeps out again in the long chapter devoted to the "Falaba" disaster and the subsequent "Caxton Hall pantomime," the evidence of one Cotter of the Stewards' Union being, "seriously, an insult to the witnesses—nearly all of them Government officials."

Stumbles of this sort, however, are perhaps human in the case of officials, and in the main Langa-Langa's jottings are sufficiently diverting, if they scarcely give that "reasonable picture of the life of the average Political Officer" claimed for them in the preface. Service in the West African Political Department means more than to participate in a cycle of impromptu race-meetings, "too many late evenings, but I never regretted them," shooting trips, and story-swapping competitions relying for their points on the difficulties of the native with the English language: not that one would wish any of these pastimes to be *tabu*. The point is that Langa-Langa has not assumed it to be his province to linger on the serious side of his work, though in every chapter there is the recurring line or two that shows him down again with dysentery or malaria or some even more outlandish physical disability whose onslaught is all part of the great game. He

preserves, too, a meticulous avoidance of "shop" in the narrow sense, but though he leaves nearly all the details to our imagination one can somehow see him doing very good work between-whiles—fighting smallpox and famine, for instance, though it is typical of him to attribute the brain-wave which helped him to tide over the latter emergency in the Borna district to the virtues of a gin-and-kola cocktail.

One refreshing fad of our diarist is his hatred of anonymity. Practically all his anecdotes are personal, and to all their heroes we are formally introduced. Parenthetical publicity for every skipper of the Elder-Dempster Line when they are only members of the chorus, so to speak, seems a little unnecessary; but it is jolly to learn that it was actually a Mr. McTopper, indignant at the higher authorities dropping one of his "p's" in official correspondence, who put in motion the whole departmental machinery over an application (on the proper form) to spend part of his leave out of England, eventually to enjoy the huge delight of inscribing "In Scotland" on the inquiry form which at last filtered down to him from the heights, and then restarting the dossier on its upward journey.

There are the usual stories of malapropisms by native clerks and minor officials, some of them admittedly screamingly funny, but which, combined in bulk, give rise to one consideration only, namely, that the authors have been amazingly clever in putting a case in a foreign language so well that to perceive exactly what they are driving at is a task which presents absolutely no difficulty. Most Englishmen, even Government officials, master any alien tongue "wi' deeficulty," as Langa-Langa himself will readily admit, and one wonders what an English peasant would do in similar circumstances had the boot been on the other leg. Which reflection gives value as a parable to the story of the examination of certain police-constables in Lower Standard English. A candidate's vocabulary seemed doubtful, and he was asked: "Is this examination easy?" "Yes," came the reply, "for you."

THE RESTORATION THEATRE

Restoration Comedies: "The Parson's Wedding;" "The London Cuckolds;" and "Sir Courtly Nice, or, It Cannot Be." With an Introduction and Notes by MONTAGUE SUMMERS. (Cape. 5s.)

As an editor of literary powers and lively scholarship, we have every confidence in Mr. Montague Summers, who gave us the complete edition of Aphra Behn and was once associated with Bullen in the enterprise of the Shakespeare Head Press. Of the three comedies gathered into this volume, one only ("The Parson's Wedding") is accessible in a post-contemporary collection of plays—Dodsley's (1744)—and the text is garbled and of no value to the student. All of them are by minor dramatists, and Mr. Summers has made his choice of them rather as characteristic specimens of a dramatic fashion than as distinctive works of literature, redeemed from an oblivion which repaid their merits "but with age and dust." For these plays had a remarkable hold, not only on their own public, but posterity; our ancestors denounced or stamped and roared their joy at them, and their descendants for a time followed suit.

"The Parson's Wedding," which Mr. Summers effectively shows was derived not from Calderon's "La Dama Duende" (as commonly reputed), but from a variety of sources, was written by Killigrew, the first manager of Drury Lane, Pepys's "merry droll" and Charles's official court jester, though a Cavalier by birth. The play was first seen in 1664, was acted by women entirely, and was revived again with loud applause in 1672. Ravenscroft's "The London Cuckolds" and Crowne's "Sir Courtly Nice" were even more popular, and overlapped into a whole century of life—the former, produced at the Duke of York's Theatre in 1681 with a star cast, appearing for the last time at Covent Garden for Quick's benefit in 1782, and the latter, first played after Charles's death, and derived from a Spanish original suggested by him to Crowne, at the same theatre

in 1781. All three comedies, that is to say, are far more representative of popular taste after the Revolution than the intellectual *finesse* of Congreve, the cynical adroitness of Wycherley, and the passionate tragedy of Otway ever were.

For that very reason, Mr. Summers has, we think, been misled in the critical portion of his introduction, which is perfunctory and inadequate. It is quite true that dramatic literature did not stop with the closing of the theatres in 1642, but the view that the break with the traditions of the Elizabethan and Jacobean theatre was a purely arbitrary and external one cannot be maintained. One may trace the influence of Jonson and the realistic comedy, of Shirley's silver-tongued tragi-comedies, and so on, upon the Restoration stage in various directions. But there is no real connection; there had been a landslide, and the gap between 1642 and 1660 in English drama contains at its bottom the *débris* of that poetic imagination which in different forms had uninterruptedly swayed the thoughts of men since the Middle Ages. The popularity, again, of the three comedies in this volume appears to have dazzled the editor into applying to them much the same verdict as their original audiences gave them. He approves each of them in much the same terms—liveliness, wit, humor, ingenuity of situation, briskness, diversion, fit them one and all. But though all are members of the same limited and exclusive clan, treating much the same types, depending on much the same material and methods of incident, and all plays of situation, there are wide differences of appeal between them. Mr. Summers says: "We may unreservedly concur in Denis's judgment that 'Sir Courtly Nice' is a piece which any of the greatest comic authors might well be proud to own, and it assuredly takes a very high place in the English theatre." To our minds it is very dull, very clumsy, crude in over-emphasis, and pointless beside Etheredge's far more adroit and sparkling "Man of Mode."

"The Parson's Wedding"—repellent not so much for its coarseness as its entire want of feeling—depends for its appeal, not upon resource and movement in defeating the tyrannies of an obsession, but brilliance of verbal display. It is very negligently constructed; the management is indifferent, and the impression left by the various episodes and situations is that they turned up in the author's mind as he wrote, and were thrown in to find room as best they might. The play depends upon talking, the usual Restoration talk, utterly scornful of the conventions and hypocrisies of Society, highly licentious, devoid of ideas, fantastic in expression (the substitute for poetry), but witty and full of color and point. "The London Cuckolds" is equally well marked in differentiation. It is much the best play of the three, because it is far more closely adapted to the essential substance of the theatre than either of the others, and immensely superior in workmanship. It would be irrelevant, obtuse even, to condemn "The London Cuckolds" for its indecency, for this is exactly the type of play to which the famous apology of Lamb for the Restoration drama more strictly applies.

Books in Brief.

Healthy Breathing. By EUSTACE MILES. (Methuen. 7s. 6d.)

WE knew we could not live without breathing, but on first glancing through the 240 pages of Mr. Miles's book, with its lists of exercises and right positions, it did look as if we could learn to breathe without living. But it seems that once we have grasped the rules and the scientific principles of deep and rhythmic breathing the exercises become automatic almost, and we enjoy living and become healthy in mind and body, and better-looking. One of the advantages of this breathing culture is that the movements are not conspicuous: "It does not mark us out as cranks and faddists. We can do it in such a way that even a close observer would not guess we were doing anything particularly healthy." What will be the guess of the close observer when he watches this: "Abdominal breathing: To begin with, most people had better lie on the back, and

put their hands over the abdomen. . . . Exhale. Inhale as thoroughly as you can without strain, and, while you inhale, send the abdomen out, and, if you are lying down, up. Hold the abdomen out and up; then, as you exhale, let it down and draw it in. . . . "Internal" breathing is "easier to understand" if "one reads through the well-known words of Robert Browning beginning: 'There is an inmost centre of us all, Where Truth abides.' Inhale as deeply and fully as you can, but without strain, and imagine yourself to be inhaling Energy from an infinite supply within you."

A Text-Book of European Archaeology.—Vol. I. Palæolithic Period. By R. A. S. MACALISTER, Litt.D., F.S.A. (Cambridge University Press. 50s.)

WE are inclined to believe this text-book is the fullest and clearest handbook for students we have seen. We have tested it in many ways, and have found that its arrangement affords easy access to the data and the arguments of any department of palæolithic archaeology with which the student may be concerned. Moreover, it is a synthetic treatise, and its "introduction" and "geological and palæontological prolegomenas" make it easy reading, even for a beginner who desires to know what is to be known of the "first men" in Europe, but dreads the initial attack on the barbed wire of geology's terminology. The fact is, as Mr. Macalister's exposition in a simple diction shows, geology is much easier to learn than golf, and is far more interesting, though to keep clear of its bunkers, thickets, and intensive club gossip requires a finer and firmer intelligence. Of special value to the student is the author's governing habit of caution and doubt. He has what we hear so much about, but seldom meet—the scientific mind. He can be constructive and suggestive, as in his chapter on "The Psychology of Upper Palæolithic Man"; but he becomes really lively and provocative when handling the easy enthusiasms of the Eolithists.

The Forests of India. By E. P. STEBBING. Vol. I. (Lane. 42s.)

MR. STEBBING, who was an officer of the Indian Forest Service, and is now Professor of Forestry in the University of Edinburgh, can make the story of forestry as readable as a romance. Man has had to fight the jungle for room as well as the means to live. We are given an account of ancient man in India as a needful preliminary to a history of the forests, and we obtain a mental picture of the greater part of our Eastern Empire, covered with jungles and populated by aboriginal tribes—India of the recent post-tertiary period. The invasion by Alexander the Great gave the West the first accurate ideas of India, and Mr. Stebbing shows that the records of that expedition have made it possible to estimate the forest destruction which has taken place during the past twenty-two centuries. Left undisturbed, and the climatic conditions being favorable, the jungle wins back its own again. The trouble arises in the drier districts where bare, hot, deeply seamed hill-sides, or great stretches consisting of a network of barren, hot ravines, once clothed with forests, now require to be reafforested in the interests of the people. Nature is unable to do this, and it becomes the work of the scientific Forest Officer to grapple with the problem. Mr. Stebbing's chief purpose is not to record ancient history, except as it is necessary to throw light on his subject, but to trace, for the benefit of the Indian Forest Officer and others in the Indian services, the progress of forestry in the country under British rule. The history is brought down to the year 1864. The position prior to the development of a forest policy (1796–1850), the initial steps in the development of a policy (1850–57), and the initiation of conservancy (1858–64) are the historical stages described in great detail. For the forestry official and student it will prove an invaluable work, and the uninitiated in the science will read it with absorbing interest. In his second volume Mr. Stebbing will trace the growth of the Forestry Department and the improvement in the forest estate which resulted.

An Admiral's Yarns: Stray Memories of Fifty Years. By Admiral Sir CHARLES DUNDAS. (Jenkins. 16s.)

WHAT Admiral Dundas finds most interesting, looking back over his long life at sea, are stories of practical and

other jokes, little adventures, frequent cries of "Man overboard!" and piracy in the China seas. The stories are told with an air of breezy good humor. One of them concerns two British men-of-war, a little before the Admiral's time, on the West coast of Africa. The captain of A had to deliver dispatches to the captain of B, and was ordered to rejoin the flag immediately after. After a convivial evening, B's captain invited his guest to breakfast the following morning. A pointed out the impossibility, as it was contrary to his orders. B then commanded him to breakfast as his superior officer, and threatened punishment if he were disobeyed. Next morning A was putting to sea when B cleared for action and opened fire. The dispatch ship got away, thanks to a strong stream and a fresh breeze, with only a hole in her main topsail. B sailed for the Cape of Good Hope shortly after and never was heard of again. The ship foundered at sea with all hands, so the firing incident was not made public. Admiral Dundas believes B was the Sappho, but he does not know the name of A.

From the Publishers' Table.

It would be difficult for a visiting Martian to discover from our daily Press, except by intuition and very subtle reasoning, that there was a "war on" lately, and that the noticeably strong smell of burning is not of garden rubbish. We have been informed by those who really know what the public wants—got by travelling from Brixton to Fleet Street, and back again, without a defection to right or left—that the public simply desires that subject ruled out. The publishers, however, are discovering that the Press, as usual, is unaware of a revival of interest in the war—the sort of interest, however, that can bear to look at the bleak truth which the Press never printed. As a subject, the war is even getting into the magazines. We have heard of one great American publishing house, owning many popular magazines, which put the real war stories, as it received them, into a safe, not daring to release them to a public still weak from long spoon-feeding with lenitive slops flavored with aniseed. It retained thousands of pounds' worth, because they were good. It is discovering now that they may be issued, in homeopathic doses.

WE are told that this interest does not always cover the apologetics of the Great Figures in the war. Curiously enough, the reading public, by some strange process of selection, knows when the work is worthy and honest, and therefore the "revelations" of some important soldiers and statesmen have been startling failures. On the other hand, Signor Nitti's "Peaceless Europe" is in great request. We hear that a book of a similar genuine kind will be the edited letters and diary, during the war years, of Herr Ballin, who was a merchant of genius, a confidential adviser of the Kaiser, and who, before the war, controlled more shipping tonnage than any other man. Cassells will publish this book in the spring.

"THE NATURE LOVER," a sevenpenny monthly published by John Bale, Sons & Danielsson, the first number of which is before us, is a sign of the times. It is pleasing in form and manner, and should soften the asperities of science for the children who now are getting Darwin and Einstein even in the elementary schools.

A VOLUME of literary studies by Lytton Strachey, "Books and Characters"; some early writings by Jane Austen, with an introduction by G. K. Chesterton, "Love and Friendship"; and short stories by Aldous Huxley, "Mortal Coils," are among many good things in the spring list of Chatto & Windus.

ON Wednesday last, March 1st, was opened at the British Museum a special exhibition of Greek and Latin papyri presented at various dates by the Egypt Exploration Society. A guide-book to the exhibition, with introduction, detailed descriptions of the papyri shown, a preface

by Sir Frederic Kenyon, and one photographic facsimile, has been published by the Society, and is on sale at the Museum, price 1s.

MESSRS. COLLINS have just been informed that the Committee of the Femina Vie Heureuse Prize Competition have awarded the first two prizes to novels published by them; the first prize to Rose Macaulay's "Dangerous Ages," and the second prize to F. Brett Young's "The Black Diamond." The third prize has been awarded to "Bliss," by Katharine Mansfield.

The Drama.

THE STRANGE VISITORS.

THE appeal that the Stage Society is making for funds, badly needed to carry on its work, is justified by the many services the Society has rendered to our theatre. One of the chief of these has been its *flair* for works of real originality, and its latest production of all, at the Kingsway last Monday, is an excellent example of this. Luigi Pirandello's "Sei Personaggi in Cerca d'Autore," translated by Mrs. W. A. Greene under the title "Six Characters in Search of an Author," was only produced last year at the Valle Theatre in Rome (the version published in book-form by Bemporad of Florence was noticed in THE NATION AND THE ATHENÆUM for December 31st). It is, therefore, as new as can well be; but it is not only new in time, it is also novel in type. It has the refreshing quality of any successful breach in the conventions.

No curtain rises, for we find as we come in the bare, unlit stage exposed to view, with its litter of disarranged scenery. Figures begin to move in the gloom and shout orders, a light or two is switched on, actors drop in with morning greetings; at length the director arrives, and some kind of rehearsal gets heavily under weigh. But, stop! What is this ghostly procession emerging in silence from the shadows of the background and defiling frieze-like across the stage? Director, prompter, actors, break off their work awestruck. Dimly, you feel these spectres to be familiar in their grim, *bourgeois* hideousness. The man, top-hatted and black-gloved, like an executioner's assistant; the woman, suffocated in crape; the girl, with the hungry, white face relieved against her shabby mourning; the brooding, adolescent automaton; the two alarming children—you know them all. They have glided out of the pages of one of Zola's least translatable novels, or stepped down from the big dock in the Chamber of Horrors at Tussaud's, or they have escaped from an unknown play of Ibsen's which he thought better of and burnt, or it may be Mrs. Belloc Lowndes dreamed of them and woke, like the Lord Chancellor, with a shudder despairing. Meanwhile they have their own account to give of themselves, which is delivered with fascinating incongruity in the beautiful voice of Mr. Franklin Dyall ("The Father"). They are, indeed, as you surmised they might be, characters out of a play. But what play? Whose play? Alas! they do not know. Frankenstein-like, their maker has disowned and fled from them. They are now mere floating elements, in search of some guiding hand to make a whole of them.

No, they do not lack a plot. For, as the intrigued director and his company gather round to cross-examine them, it appears that they have a story to tell. Bit by bit, with snarling recriminations and hysterical outbursts by "The Step-Daughter" (here is Miss Muriel Pratt with a real chance at last to show with what skill she can make her whole physique an obedient instrument for transmitting passion), tumultuously and confusedly the story takes shape. As it comes out—here is the art—you no longer feel the grotesqueness or unreality of these puppets. You expected something sordid to absurdity, some burlesque of beastliness, and instead you find yourself listening to a tale sordid indeed, but gripping in its truthfulness. There has been a separation, it seems, between the Father and the Mother, and she, with the Step-Daughter, has sought employment with an infamous

modiste, who keeps a back-room in which her girls are expected to consort with the gentlemen callers at the show-rooms. The Step-Daughter was thrust in there, a man came, and the Mother, stumbling in on the scene, found her daughter in the arms of her own rigidly respectable husband!

Swiftly the drama turns back to fantastic satire. The director sees a play in this; the strange visitors shall act it to guide his own company in their parts. And now the bitterness of Pirandello's purpose is revealed. For we are shown in an exasperating medley fragments of life and nature interspersed with the coarse blunders of the producer and the actors, who try to make it fit for the public in their reproduction of it. There is a momentary, sinister apparition of Madame Pace, the *modiste*, evoked in the flesh by sheer force of imagination, and played with terrible verisimilitude by Miss Margaret Yarde, and there is a short, tense opening to the scene between the girl and the elderly seducer, exquisitely acted by Miss Pratt and Mr. Dyall. But each of these episodes is broken off tantalizingly by the expostulations and meddling of the theatrical folk. You are to understand, it appears, that so they and their tribe will deface any sincere work of art. It is as though Pirandello contemptuously held out scraps of the fine work that it is simply not worth his while to write. The indictment cuts like a razor; how far it is true of the stage of Italy—or of England—would be a disturbing question to have to answer. (Yet we might plead over here that if we can find even two players to act the Father and the Step-Daughter as was done at this performance we are not beyond salvation.) Meanwhile the fantasy hurries amid turmoil and hubbub to its end. We get half-comprehensible glimpses of more catastrophes, of implacable family feuds, of the little girl drowned in a pond, and of her young brother transformed into a maniac and shooting himself—an episode giving occasion to a remarkable performance by a boy-actor, Freddy Peisley, a pupil of Miss Italia Conti. All this seems deliberately distorted to suit the author's mood of malignance. Finally, as the creatures of artistic intuition flit away, their task performed, they are pursued by the actors with loud execrations as real criminals. But the director, left alone, flings down his notes in a fury. "Real people! My whole morning wasted!" It is a cruel conclusion to a disquieting parable.

SARAH OF SOHO.

MR. DOUGLAS MURRAY's comedy, "Sarah of Soho," at the Savoy has a trifle the air of a jumble sale. Its author has a marked gift for witty dialogue, and promises to have considerable powers of humorous characterization; but he has not this time had the skill to make his play a whole. Perhaps the loose construction might be pardoned (even down to the old-fashioned comic interludes between servants) if the heroine were of more likable stuff. But really this Sarah is a most unpleasant young woman. As the daughter of a poor country clergyman she is technically a lady, and, since she is so outraged when the parvenu parents of the boy she is in love with insult her because she works as a typist, she ought to know how to behave as what she claims to be. Perhaps the easiest way to do that would have been to ignore the bad manners of purse-proud Mrs. Rance.

Actually, Sarah knows neither how to surrender her lover nor to keep him with decency. She takes a heavy bribe from old Rance, the self-made prince of commerce, to break off the engagement with his son, speculates with it successfully so as to be able to pay him back, then enjoys the new position her wealth gives her to taunt and humiliate the old couple in every way her delicate ingenuity can suggest. Her final recovery of her lover seems quite undeserved, and her benevolent interference as *deus ex machina* in other people's troubles is thoroughly unconvincing. Miss Gertrude Elliott invests her with the charm of her own agreeable comedy gift without making her really lovable; and Mr. C. V. France and Miss Lottie Venne, as Mr. and Mrs. Rance, hide many of the other weaknesses of the play by the resplendence of their acting.

D. L. M.

IT IS IMPOSSIBLE TO EXAGGERATE

the horror of

THE TRUTH ABOUT RUSSIA.

Miss Ruth Fry, General Secretary of the Friends' Relief Committee, has just returned from the famine area and can speak from personal knowledge of the need for immediate action. Her report will be sent to anybody who applies for it at 27, Chancery Lane, London, W.C.2. The fact which stands out is that of the 19,000,000 people who are in danger of starvation

TEN MILLION CAN BE SAVED

if help is sent at once. 15/- will save a life until the next harvest—if it is sent without delay.

"YOU CANNOT AFFORD NOT TO HELP RUSSIA," said Dr. Nansen. Russia was one of the world's most fertile cornfields and one of our chief sources of supply. It will be a depopulated and barren desert if we do not act at once.

LET YOUR SYMPATHY BE THE MEASURE OF YOUR HELP.

Send your subscriptions, clearly earmarked "Friends' Relief Committee (for Russia)," to the Russian Famine Relief Fund, Room 9, General Buildings, Aldwych, London, W.C. 2.

Gifts in kind and clothing (new or partly worn) may be sent to the Friends' Warehouse, 5, New Street Hill, London, E.C. 4.

Music.

THE NEWCASTLE BACH CHOIR.

ONE of the things that often puzzle the modern reader and admirer of Samuel Butler is his devotion to Handel, and the musical reader is still more puzzled by the fact that Butler himself composed music in the Handelian idiom, and regarded it as quite sufficient for the expression of his ideas. It seems strange that an author so much in advance of his own age should have desired so definitely to be even further behind his own age in the matter of music. The reader of to-day, if he is musical, has forgotten Handel and is probably an enthusiast for Bach. In all probability he would not regard it as being in the least degree strange that a contemporary man of letters, gifted in music, should desire to compose preludes and fugues in Bach's manner. It seems perfectly natural to us that Saint-Saëns and Parry, for instance, should have written innumerable pages which bear a much closer resemblance to Bach than any of Butler's do to Handel. We have forgotten beyond any power of recall those Victorian days in which Butler received his deepest musical impressions, days in which Handel, regarded by later critics as the dead weight in English music, was honestly felt by English people to be a living force. Handel was a living force and a dead weight as well, because the Handelian tradition had continued unbroken since the days when he first directed the performance of his own works in England. Bach, on the other hand, was practically unknown even in Germany until his music was resuscitated by enthusiastic antiquaries. The Bach cult in Germany dates from 1829, when Mendelssohn revived the Matthew Passion. To fix a date for the Bach cult in England is not so easy; probably the foundation of the London Bach Choir in 1876 was the most representative fact in its early history.

The Bach cult is significant in the history of English musical life for many reasons. The Handel cult was the preservation of an ancient tradition. The British public stuck to Handel as St. Simeon Stylites stuck to his column, not so much from faith as from mere habit. The Bach cult was a breaking-away from habit; it was very much a matter of faith. The Handelians had forgotten that Handel belonged to the past; Handel's music suited English taste because it had always been there—there was no need to discuss it. The Bach enthusiasts felt themselves to be missionaries. It is worth noting that the Bach cult coincides closely with what has been called the Renaissance of English music—the movement which we associate mainly with the names of Parry and Stanford. But it would be erroneous to suppose that the Bach cult was a seed brought over from Germany that gave birth to the new movement in English music. The Bach cult was only a by-product of that movement, which was social as well as artistic. The essential fact about that English musical Renaissance was its recognition of scholarship. It was led more by Oxford and Cambridge than by London. It was the sense of scholarship that seized upon Bach, the scholar's composer, and made Bach the foundation of an ever-increasing range of scholarly studies in music. The Bach cult was the starting point of all that enthusiasm for old music which is so remarkable a factor of contemporary musical life in England. It was Bach who sent us back to Purcell and to the Elizabethans. For years it was a mere handful of learned antiquaries who spent their days in collating manuscripts and scoring madrigals from part-books. To-day Purcell and the Elizabethans are a positive and recognizable influence on the music of our youngest and most audacious composers. Modern English music, one may say, is the creation of Mr. Barclay Squire and Mr. Godfrey Arkwright, however modestly they may hesitate to recognize the fruits of their labors.

The cult of Bach continues and increases, but it shows signs of change. The earlier Bach enthusiasts, though they were moved by a violent sense of reaction against the Handelian ideals of Victorian England, could not help being still hampered by those very ideals. It was an age of oratorio, and for a long time Bach was for

England a merely religious composer. And since the Bach enthusiasts were people of deep convictions, they naturally did their best to persuade audiences that Bach was a more profoundly devout composer than Handel. If the Matthew Passion was to be performed, the arias had to be the first sacrifice to the exigencies of time; we had to have as many chorales as possible, many with an exaggerated slowness, the discomfited audience being ordered to stand up the while, and as many yards as possible of drearily devotional recitative. When the arias were admitted they had to be sung in such a way as to show that Bach was no worldly conventionalist like Mr. Handel. There was still a feeling that there was something not quite nice about forid singing—it might remind people of "La Traviata." So those unfortunate semiquavers—how lucky it was that they were curiously awkward to sing!—must be laid out reverently. Shakes and grace notes—could we believe that they were in the original manuscript?—were better ignored.

A new generation of Bach lovers has arisen since those days. It is well represented by Dr. W. G. Whittaker, of Newcastle-on-Tyne, hitherto known to musicians in Southern England mainly by his very original and delightful arrangements of Northumbrian folk-songs. The Newcastle Bach Choir, which gave a miniature Bach festival in London last week—two concerts at the Æolian Hall and a performance in St. Michael's Church, Cornhill—was founded by him in 1915. It is a small choir of picked voices, picked not only for their vocal powers, but still more for their fine musical intelligence. It would in any case have been a pleasure to hear Bach's cantatas performed with the proportion of voices and instruments for which their composer designed them. But the real interest of these concerts lay in their interpretation. Dr. Whittaker understands what few conductors of Bach have grasped—that Bach must be interpreted first and foremost as a musician. A certain school of Bach scholars have laid great stress upon the pictorial analysis of his music. They have done good service in explaining things which otherwise might be obscure.

But pictorialism will not give us the whole key to Bach's method of composition. The danger of pictorial interpretations is that pictorial criticism is an easy way of evading technical analysis. There is no harm in saying that a certain phrase of Bach represents the writhings of the Old Serpent, but serpent or no serpent, the phrase has got to be considered in its relation to the musical structure as a whole. In teaching a pupil or conducting a rehearsal, a pictorial suggestion of this kind may serve as a rough-and-ready stimulus towards a right interpretation which cannot be accurately translated into technical language. What is vital to the understanding of Bach is not the serpentine contour of a single phrase, but the architecture of a whole movement. This Dr. Whittaker understands fully. He has a predilection for quick *tempi*, knowing that a brisk pace helps both performers and listeners to grasp Bach in long phrases, and to see those long phrases as parts of a single whole. He makes his chorus sing them like instruments, with the clear articulation that intelligent bowing secures from the strings. It is curious that a conductor with so vigorous a sense of rhythm should allow himself frequent and regrettable *rallentandos* at the intermediate cadences. The sections hardly need marking off in so complete a manner. The chorus would also do well to cultivate a more *legato* style of singing in rapid passages. The motet "Sing ye to the Lord" was decidedly rough; on the other hand, choruses of far greater intellectual and technical difficulty were sung with remarkable intelligence and delicacy. Dr. Whittaker was fortunate in his choice of soloists. To Mr. Leon Goossens, as principal hautboy, fell the largest share of work; the beauty of his tone and phrasing was a lesson to any singer. Miss Dorothy Silk is well known as a singer of Bach and other music of a past age; Mr. Steuart Wilson declaimed his recitatives with commendable rapidity as well as understanding; and Mr. Clive Carey sang the most tortuous arias with a rare and assured accomplishment.

EDWARD J. DENT.

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Science.

THE HOPE OF SCIENCE.

It is not an unfair judgment, we think, that decides, on a survey of contemporary intellectual activities, to grant science the first place. Whether we consider the quality of the work which is being done, its importance to mankind, or the spirit in which the work is done, we think science earns that place. Our age is a scientific age to an extent which is certainly not generally realized. Contemporary scientific work is of a quality fully comparable with that of the greatest periods of its history; it is inevitable that our age should emerge, in the history of the future, as an age of science. It has, indeed, already established a perspective which leads to a revaluation of the Victorian age. There have already been many writers who have thought that age more memorable for its science than for its other achievements, that its significance to humanity lay more in the work of Darwin, Faraday, and Maxwell than in that of Tennyson and Matthew Arnold, or even in that of Mr. Gladstone, but the perspective we have now obtained puts the matter almost beyond doubt. With most of us our outlook is the result of a decrepit tradition. Our orientation towards life, so far as we are conscious of having one, is based upon the values we attribute to the various objects of our thoughts, and these values are determined partly by our instinctive desires and partly by the suggestions of our education—using the term "education" to include all converse with the minds of our fellows. Education, so defined, is the result very largely of a long and widespread tradition, a general tradition of European culture. It is a curious fact that, although the history of science goes as far back as the history of the arts, science is not an integral part of this, nevertheless, very catholic culture. There are periods, it is true, when some scientific theory is sufficiently dramatic, or appears sufficiently pertinent to man's destiny, to secure general attention; Newton's theory of gravitation, Darwin's theory of evolution, and Einstein's theory of relativity have each given rise to such a period. Einstein's theory, we are informed, is now the favorite topic of enlightened conversation in Parisian salons, as Newton's theory once was. Some of this interest, no doubt, is the product of disinterested curiosity, and in that respect is vastly different from the once general interest in Darwin's theory. But we fear that many of those who are curious about Einstein's theory would, if they understood it, find it uninteresting. We dare not interpret this curiosity as a sign that people are beginning to be as naturally interested in science as they are in literature, for instance.

Nevertheless, we believe that the old culture is moribund in the sense that its particular scale of values is undergoing revision. Science is becoming less an affair for specialists; it is acquiring a "human" value. An increasing number of people are beginning to realize that a great science, such as Physics, may offer objects for contemplation which are as delicate, as subtle, as exquisitely harmonious as the dreams of Plato—and much better founded. And in relation to man, his present state and possible future, science alone, to those who are not satisfied with less than verifiable knowledge, speaks with the accent of authority. The great constructions of science are grandiose without being chimerical; they are beautiful but not deceiving. Indeed, one sometimes has the feeling that it is only in science, nowadays, that one still meets with the spirit of adventure, the sense of boundless and glorious possibilities, with an exultant hope. Our poets and men of letters generally are extraordinarily tame and disillusioned creatures compared with our romantic and daring men of science. It is refreshing to turn from the lamentations of our literary men to such a book as the "Space, Time, Matter" of Hermann Weyl, if only for the fervor, the immense enthusiasm with which that highly accomplished mathematician writes. Einstein is his Columbus, with the difference that his America has indicated the existence of yet vaster continents. And

this enthusiasm is justified by its fruits; it has inspired Herr Weyl to make what is unquestionably the greatest advance on Einstein's own work which has yet been made. It is not in Physics alone that we find this note. To the biologists, also, the world has become young again. Should our ignorant and unimaginative politicians, and our still more ignorant and unimaginative business men, succeed in turning the whole heroic effort and age-long struggle which has produced our present culture to a mockery, they will put an end to a curiously interesting and promising transition age, to an age which is at once *fin de siècle* and at the morning of a glorious renaissance. But if they do not succeed, if the ordinary man shows himself even a little worthy of the immense travail of his species, then we prophesy that science will become an integral part of the culture of the future. The new physics, the new biology, the new psychology, will be too obviously pertinent to all man's chief preoccupations for us to be able to pretend that the present narrowly conceived *humaniora* furnish a liberal education. We even believe that if the old arts are to become youthful again, it must be by a transfusion of blood. It will not be sufficient that the philosophy and literature of the future should "accommodate" themselves to the scientific outlook; they must be inspired by it.

Meanwhile, scientific men must be charitable; they must believe the best. If science is to become an integral part of culture, scientific men must help to make this possible. We believe that much of the present interest in science is genuine; that it springs from a serious attempt on the part of many people to find out what science can tell them about themselves and the Universe they live in. Science is not hunted purely for its dividend-earning capacities or for its power of providing new thrills. Einstein, we understand, is suspicious of the popular interest his theory has evoked; "a mere fashion," he says. And doubtless his suspicion is largely justified. But we believe there is more in it than that—that there are many who, besides valuing the delightful dreams of the poets and philosophers, have an affection for *knowledge*. And when they find that the constructions of science are not one whit less delightful than the dreams of the poets, this affection may give rise to a permanent attachment. And with these new objects of interest will come a change in values. Men will learn to differentiate in their beliefs between those which are mere indulgences of emotion and those which correspond to objective truth. This is the path by which the mind becomes mature. It may not be, in all stages, a pleasant process, but it leads to increased freedom and increased power. The impossible will no longer be attempted, but the region of the possible will be seen to be vastly greater. Man will see in what directions he can shape his destiny, and he will be able to enter on the task with a rational hope. All his courage and endurance will have a chance of victorious achievement; he will know that he is not engaged in a forlorn hope; the world will become young again.

S.

Exhibitions of the Week.

Messrs. Agnew's Galleries: Exhibition of Water-Color Drawings by Artists of the Early English School.

Leicester Galleries: Twelfth Exhibition of the Senefelder Club.

Suffolk Street Gallery: The Society of Women Artists. Sixty-seventh Exhibition.

THE English water-colors which Messrs. Agnew have brought together for this exhibition are mainly of the earlier part of the nineteenth century. Not merely are there some fine examples of Turner and Cotman, which need no praise, but the general level is extremely high. There can be little doubt that this represents the best manifestation of English pictorial art of the period at a time when the general level of oil-painting was very low indeed. It may be noted, however, that the qualities which go to make a successful water-color drawing of this type are, to our minds, inappropriate in oil-paint. The elaboration and variety of the color, the infinite detail of the representation,

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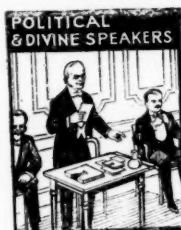
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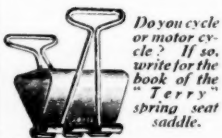
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THE 14th annual ordinary general meeting of Selfridge and Co., Ltd., was held on the 27th inst., at the company's store, Oxford Street, W., Mr. H. Gordon Selfridge, the chairman, who presided, said that the twelve months just passed have brought little joy to the merchant and man of business, unless indeed he finds pleasure in tackling a difficult proposition and wrestling with it against very heavy odds. If looked upon as a sport or game—and this is always our attitude towards that fine thing called business—the past year has provided a rough field upon which swift playing has been next to impossible, or to change the simile, it has been like a river upon which a race must be rowed, but against a strong tide and heavy wind. 1921 has, for the most part, been a year of declining prices and a growing disinclination on the part of the public to buy any but the real necessities. Prices which began to drop in June and July of 1920 continued their downward course until about October or November of 1921, by which time values of general merchandise—except food—showed signs of becoming stabilised. There have been few reductions since then, and it must be remembered that the daily prices quoted by ourselves and some of our neighbours have, for some time, been lower than could possibly be named by manufacturers or wholesalers unless they were overstocked and were prepared to take the loss—in other words, the consuming public has received the full benefit of our very low prices. Now, as to the figures themselves, as shown by our thirteenth balance sheet, which has now for some days been in each shareholder's hands: The profit as shown for the year is £342,665, and this amount includes £50,000 as a credit on over provision of excess profits duty. We have not finally settled with the Inland Revenue authorities concerning the amount due, but it will somewhat exceed the above sum. To the profits (£342,665) is to be added the amount brought forward (£141,242) making £483,908, and, after paying Debenture interest and Preference dividend, we have a balance in hand with which to pay 12 per cent. on our Staff Participating shares, to pay the usual 10 per cent. on the Ordinary shares, and to carry forward the sum of £143,468, which is somewhat larger than last year. The report and accounts were unanimously adopted.

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would be unpleasant in anything but water-color. There are no "impressions" here, except perhaps by Turner—and, indeed, they are dreams rather than impressions—yet most of these artists had a sense of form and design adequate to their purpose, and the picture is seldom lost in the elaboration of the style. These several Turners—two particularly gorgeous, "The Red Rigi" (No. 11) and "Pallanza" (No. 14)—are very sumptuous indeed, though, perhaps, less attractive than the brilliant sketch "Sunset" (No. 115).

There is much sound work at the exhibition of the Senefelder Club, but lithography of this type does not seem quite to have settled down in this country as yet. Some of the artists appear not to have grasped the essential characteristics of the medium, and their efforts would have shown more satisfactorily as drawings or etchings. The French work is undoubtedly the best. The Vlaminck ("Le Vieux Moulin," No. 71) is a fine work; there is a lovely Toulouse-Lautrec ("Femme Couchée," No. 115), and the Portrait by Marie Laurencin (No. 76) is particularly happy. Miss Gabain's example is notable for its strength and competence, yet much of it misses the especial qualities of the lithograph. There is an amusing Steinlen, "En r'montant" (65). This artist, clever as he is, is much more of a humorist than a draughtsman.

The Exhibition of the Society of Women Artists is large and various, including paintings, water-colors, etching, sculpture, jewellery, materials, &c. It cannot be said that many of the exhibits reach more than a respectable level.

E. S.

Forthcoming Meetings.

- Sat. 4. Royal Institution, 3.—"Radio-activity," Lecture I., Sir Ernest Rutherford.
- Sun. 5. South Place Ethical Society, 11 a.m.—"The Ethics of Taxation," Mr. J. A. Hobson.
Indian Students' Union, 5.—"Aviation, or Ships of the Skies," Major-Gen. Sir W. Sefton Branker.
- Mon. 6. Royal Institution, 5.—General Meeting.
King's College, 5.30.—"The Eastern Church as a National Bulwark," Dr. R. W. Seton-Watson.
University College, 5.30.—"London Chronicles and Chroniclers," Lecture II., Miss E. Jeffries Davis.
University College, 5.30.—"The Preservation of Ancient Buildings," Mr. A. R. Powys.
Aristotelian Society, 8.—"The Logic of the Vedanta," Mr. S. N. Dasgupta.
Royal Society of Arts, 8.—"The Mechanical Design of Scientific Instruments," Lecture III., Mr. A. F. C. Pollard. (Cantor Lecture.)
Surveyors' Institution, 8.—"The Analysis of Building Costs," Mr. B. Price Davies.
- Tues. 7. Royal Institution, 3.—"Racial Problems in Asia and Australasia," Lecture III., Sir A. Keith.
King's College, 5.30.—"Treaty Papers: their Evolution and Use," Lecture I., Dr. Hubert Hall.
University College, 5.30.—"Popular Legends of Byzantine Saints," Mr. Norman H. Baynes.
Zoological Society, 5.30.
Institution of Civil Engineers, 6.—"The Improvement of the Port of Valparaiso," Messrs. A. C. Walsh and W. F. Stanton.
King's College, 6.—"Portuguese Lyrics: Mediæval," Prof. G. Young.
London School of Economics, 6.—"The Administrative Factor in Government," Lecture IV., Sir Josiah Stamp.
- Wed. 8. Royal Institute of Public Health, 4.—"The Clinical Differences in the Course of Tuberculosis," Prof. S. L. Cummins.
Parents' National Educational Union (55, Porchester Terrace, W.), 5.—"The Need of a Knowledge of Physiology by Boys and Girls," Prof. Winifrid Cullis.
King's College, 5.15.—"English Colonization in the Eighteenth Century," Prof. A. P. Newton.
Geological Society, 5.30.—"The Atavistic Reptilian Fauna of the Upper Cretaceous of Transylvania," Baron Franz Nopsca.
University College, 5.30.—"The New Constitution of India," Lecture II., Sir Courtenay Ilbert.
Booksellers' Provident Institution (Stationers' Hall), 7.—Address by Mr. Justice Darling.
Elizabethan Literary Society (King's College), 7.—"Massinger and 'The Two Noble Kinsmen,'" Canon Cruikshank.
Royal Society of Arts, 8.—"The Proper Functions of Trade Unions," Mr. W. A. Appleton.

- Thurs. 9. Royal Institution, 3.—"The Balance of Life in relation to Insect Pest Control," Mr. H. M. Lefroy.
Royal Society, 4.30.—"The Spectrum of Hydrogen," Prof. T. R. Merton and Mr. S. Barratt. (Bakerian Lecture.)
University College, 5.15.—"The Education Programme of the Labor Party," Sir Robert Blair.
University College, 5.15.—"Welsh and Irish Tribal Customs," Lecture V., Prof. de Montmorency.
King's College, 5.30.—"Religious Thought on Social Questions in the Sixteenth and Seventeenth Centuries," Lecture I., Mr. R. H. Tawney.
King's College, 5.30.—"Transylvania under the Union with Hungary," Dr. R. W. Seton-Watson.
Fri. 10. University College, 5.—"Some Principles of Amphibious Warfare," Major-General Sir George Aston.
King's College, 5.30.—"The Pollaiuoli, Verrocchio, Baldovinetti," Prof. P. Dearmer.
Royal Institution, 9.—"Problems in the Variability of Spectra," Prof. T. R. Merton.

The Week's Books.

Asterisks are used to indicate those books which are considered to be most interesting to the general reader. Publishers named in parentheses are the London firms from whom books published in the country or abroad may be obtained.

PHILOSOPHY.

- Cohen (Chapman). The Other Side of Death: a Critical Examination of the Belief in a Future Life. Pioneer Press, 61, Farringdon St., 2/-.
Hutchinson (Morace G.). The Fortnightly Club. Murray, 12/-.
Jones (Sir Henry). A Faith that Enquires: Gifford Lectures. Macmillan, 18/-.

RELIGION.

- Forbes (F. A.). St. Benedict (Standard-Bearers of the Faith). Il. Burns & Oates, 2/6.
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